Each Number of "The Bystander" contains

AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE POLICY FOR £2,000

Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 173.—Vol. XIII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, March 27, 1907 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

THE END OF THE STEEPLECHASING SEASON

Remarkable snapshot of a thrilling jump at the Rugby Hunt Steeplechase

No. 173.—Vol. XIII.

CONTENTS

Wednesday, March 27, 1907

	PAGE
Frontispiece	633
Bystander Comments	635
From the Strangers' Gallery	636
The Topictator	640
The World's Pageant	641
St. Patrick's Day in Town	644
Shall We Fly Soon?	645
Hexham Vexed About a Nave	646
A Country House in London	648
A Duchess as Doctor	650
Continental Chat	652
The Playhouses	655
The Modern Rake's Progress.—Scene VIII.	658
Our Series of Worldly Short Stories: No. 67.—"Light o' Love." By R. Ramsay	660
By Field, Stream, and Covert	666
Garden Notes	670
Polo Ponies at Islington	671
The Library	672
Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	674
Wig and Gown	677
Automobile Topics	678
Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows	682
A Woman's Note Book	X

RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES.

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, The Bystander, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQ. BRANSBY WILLIAMS. THE DÉBUTANTE. MLLE. ADELINE GENÉE. MLLE. CELIA GALLEY.
Living Pictures. And Selected Varieties.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.0. Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

"A Human Trinity." By Ronald Macdonald. (Methuen: 6*s.*)
"Princess Romanova." By George Horton. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)
"The House of Howe." By May Crommelin. (John Long: 6*s.*)
"The End of a Passion." By Alice M. Diehl. (John Long: 6*s.*)
"The Soul's Destroyer." By W. H. Davies. (Alston Rivers: 1*s.*)
"For His Cause." By Geo. Irving. (Greening: 6*s.*)
"The Churches of Modern Thought." By Philip Vivian. (Watts: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"The Long Road." By John Oxenham. (Methuen: 6*s.*)
"The Man with the Amber Eyes." By Florence Warden. (John Long: 6*s.*)
"A Butterfly." By Baroness von Goldäcker. (John Long: 6*s.*)
"Kerry." By C. P. Crane, D.S.O. (Methuen: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"The Subject of All Verse." By P. Sidney. (Frowde: 2*s.* net.)
The All-Story Magazine. (Frank A. Munsey Co.: 6*d.*)
The Atlantic Monthly. (Constable: 1*s.* net.)

THE BYSTANDER

Ready Every Wednesday

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION (Post Free)

	At Home	Abroad
Twelve Months (52 Numbers)	£1 8 2	£1 16 10
Six Months (26 Numbers)	14 1	18 5
Three Months (13 Numbers)	7 1	9 3

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, either through a local Newsagent, or direct to the Publisher,

"The Bystander" Office, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C.

Notice.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

For the Billiard Room.

"The Waterloo Cup: The Favourite Wins"

A few copies of this coloured plate, by Frederic Whiting, which was given away with our issue of February 27, can be supplied, framed in oak, 3 inches wide, stained dark brown, for **5s. 6d.**, carriage paid to any address in the United Kingdom.

SIGNED ARTIST'S PROOFS

Limited to 40. **11/6** each, framed complete.

Address:

The Manager, "The Graphic" Fine Art Dept., 190, Strand, London.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday March 27, 1907

An "Epoch-making Book" is the publishers' description of the Rev. R. J. Campbell's latest theological work, published last week. We ought to be grateful to the publishers for calling our attention to a fact like this. Fancy if we had lived through a new Epoch, and hadn't noticed it. How flat we should feel.

* * *

At the same time, it is rather hard on other writers that the word "epoch-making" should have been bagged like this. How is Mr. Guy Thorne's next work to be described? Perhaps there will be an Epoch-makers' series, with a fresh volume every week. An epoch once a week would keep us fresh and lively.

* * *

The tyranny of the majority is making itself increasingly felt. Look at taximeters. They may be all very well for the general public, but what are the old ladies to do who used to take a cab just for the fun of having an argument with the cabman about the proper fare? Their pleasure will be gone, for there is no appeal from the taximeter. You cannot call a policeman and explain to him that the taximeter is trying to overcharge you. The taximeter cannot lie. It is a perfect nuisance.

SOCIETY HOSTESS (*agitated, at the telephone*): "You must send a nan *at once* to see my lift. It has stopped half-way between two floors. (*Pause*). . . Not till to-morrow? Oh, that won't do; you must send to-night. There's a lady and gentleman in it, and . . . they haven't got a chaperon!"

(BY HILDA COWHAM)

* * *

The fact is that scientists, with their cool, calculating instruments, are fast taking away much of the romance of life—especially from women. A few years ago they could travel with heavy luggage and tip the porter a ha'penny. Now a nasty instrument registers the exact amount of over-weight, which runs one in for shillings. And, again, there is no arguing the matter. That is the crux. Women don't mind being generous, if only they can argue the question first. But to have to be merely just without a word to say——. No wonder they are wanting votes.

* * *

A serious blow has been struck at song-writers. Mr. Justice Joyce has decided that there is copyright in the words of drawing-room songs as well as in the music, and now the unfortunate authors are wondering if they will have to find a different rhyme to "love" than "dove" and "above." It seems a shame that a respectable body of men, who have hitherto shared each other's thoughts so harmoniously, should be suddenly set at each other's throats by the decision of a single judge, however well-meaning that judge may be.

* * *

Inventors are so often observers as well that it is surprising (in view of the late high winds) that none of the aeroplanes submitted for the *Daily Mail* competition have taken the form of a tall silk hat. Few things fly better in a good breeze, except the contents of the London dust-cart. The forms that *have* been adopted are of all kinds—from the kite and the butterfly to the paper dart. It is curious to reflect that a few years hence the butcher may come round for orders seated on a large-sized paper dart.

* * *

Meanwhile, it is our firm opinion that the conquest of the air will be delayed until woman's part in it has been considered. It was so with motor-cars. For years men were content with evil-smelling, misshapen machines that let them down twenty miles from everywhere. Then motor-caps and motor-costumes were invented, enabling women to ride in motors. The trade went up with a bound, and we have the fine-type cars of the present day. If some costumier would invent a *chic* aero hat and coat, the same thing would happen with aeroplanes. Women would become interested in them; they would want to go up in them, and call on their friends in them; for, as Mr. Sims has been pointing out, women don't lack courage. The result would be some very high-class, elegantly upholstered paper darts, driven by men in neat uniforms and cockades, and Father Vaughan would have another indictment to hurl at the Smart Set.

* * *

After the Lincoln: A Bad Bet

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to a Bookie said—
"*I fancy this, I'm sure I'll land.*"
Yet how he wished his fancy spurn'd
After the race, as home he turn'd
Down Fleet Street, 'long the Strand

Last week's Lincoln Meeting is now generally known as the Ob-session.

* * *

Following the example of other papers, we offer advice on problems connected with the new Employers' Liability Act. A couple of instances will suffice:

(1) "Puzzled" writes to say that he always goes to Brighton for the week-end. On these occasions some cab-runner invariably insists on putting "Puzzled's" portmanteau on to a cab for him. "I make it a rule," says "Puzzled," "to tell him I don't want him, but as he takes no notice of this, I usually give him threepence. Am I liable if he injures himself while carrying my portmanteau?"

As the employment is not casual, "Puzzled," you are undoubtedly liable, and ought to insure. Perhaps, however, it would be best if, instead of insuring the cab-runner, you insured your portmanteau.

(2) "Frightened" lives in a flat, and has engaged a tuner to come four times a year to tune her piano. "My next-door neighbour," she writes, "is most unmusical, besides being a violent man. If he were to rush in while the tuning was in progress and kill the tuner, should I have to compensate the latter's aunt? Or would my neighbour be liable?"

Probably you would have to pay the aunt, "Frightened." Your neighbour would only be liable to be hanged.

* * *

HINTS FOR THE HOME

(*With acknowledgments to "Home Chips"*)

Do You Know:

That weasels sometimes suffer from nightmare?

That it is difficult to get a well-done mutton-chop in Thibet?

That, owing to their gross superstitions, Esquimaux are rarely converted to Christian Science?

That hypnotism is useful in persuading a patient to swallow castor-oil?

That in cases of shipwreck a piece of chocolate, taken in conjunction with a life-belt, may prolong life?

That the "pneumonia" blouse has never really caught on among Hottentot ladies.

* * *

TO THE REST

Tho' London is called a great city,
It's really exceedingly small,
And often we think what a pity
It is there's not room for us all.
Our hearts overflow with compassion
For people we formerly met—
The sort who have dropped out of fashion,
And do not belong to our set.

How dreadful to bring up one's daughter,
We wonder how people can dare,
To exist in distant Bayswater,
A million miles from Mayfair.
For what can the girl get from marriage,
[Except everlasting regret—]
With a husband who can't keep a carriage,
And doesn't belong to our set?

Can people be *really* contented
Who in far West Kensington dwell,
In flats inexpensively rented,
Or, are they inclined to rebel?
We fancy their feelings grow blunted,
Assisting them thus to forget
The fact they are socially shunted,
And *cannot* belong to our set.

G. D. Lynch.

A Disciple of Mr. Campbell?

Mother-in-Law *(paying an Easter visit)*: "What! No Hot Cross buns? James, *you've taken up with this New Theology!*"

BY HOPE READ

RACING NOTIONS

HOW THE LINCOLN WAS WON. By "CARBINE"

Another French Victory

"Save us from another Ob," we wrote in these columns when summing up the prospects of the Lincolnshire Handicap. As if in defiance of our invocation, who should win the great race last Tuesday but the French horse himself. Perhaps, because of an insular prejudice against him, English people would not believe in the likelihood of the winner of last year repeating his success; but his owner, M. Ephrussi, once again threw out for a big stake, and landed it. He is reported to have won £10,000 in one bet alone, and probably his total gainings came to double that sum. From a personal standpoint I view the race with some feelings of satisfaction, as Kaffir Chief, to whom I stuck all through the piece in these pages, proved the best of the English competitors. Roseate Dawn got off very badly, and I do not think it would be fair to take this form as an example of his real merits, but it is not likely that he would have beaten Ob under any conditions.

Ob and His Easy Win

The Frenchman won with many pounds in hand, and on this brilliant form he must stand a chance for the Newbury Cup and the City and Suburban, in spite of the heavy penalties he has incurred for those races. It is natural that the victory of Ob was received with a little chagrin by English race-goers, but we ought not to begrudge the French owners, who are, for the most part, such excellent sportsmen, their occasional victories in England. Our Gallic friends were extremely pleasant when we carried off the Grand Prix with Spearmint last summer, and it behoves us, therefore, to accept their latest success in the right spirit, however much it may have damaged our national pride.

The "Blue and and Yellow" to the Front

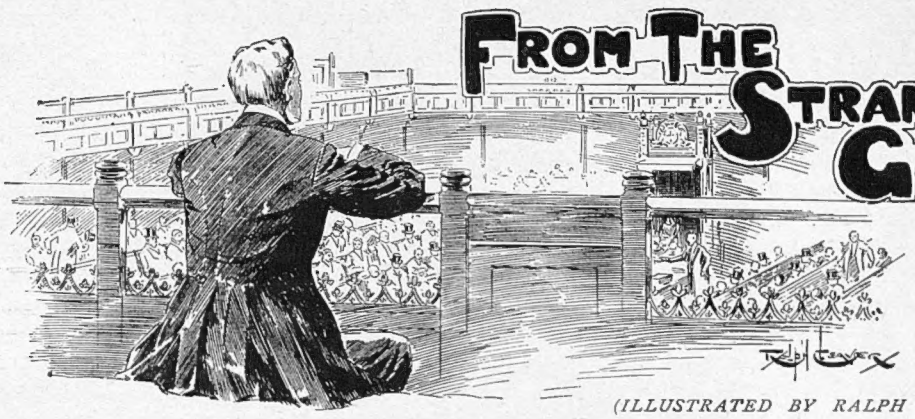
Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's two-year-olds are generally formidable just at the start of the season, his trainer making quite a speciality of the short-distance races. At Lincoln last week the blue and yellow was very prominent, and the Brocklesby Stakes on Wednesday was voted a good thing for Pastry, whose stable companions had shown excellent form on the preceding day. The filly was unlucky, as she got all the worst of a bad start, and this, no doubt, prevented her from winning the race. Travelling very pluckily, she managed to beat all save Sir John Thursby's Counterfeit, who was always going well, and seemed to win with something to spare. Earlier in the week Early Bird had shown fine speed in the Batthyany Stakes, and brought off a good coup for those connected with his stable. Second to him was an interesting competitor in Baron Springer's Bon Marché, an Hungarian horse who has come to be trained at Newmarket, and is likely to win some good short-distance races before the end of this year. Several warm favourites got home during the three days at Lincoln, but, on the whole, it was a good meeting for the bookies. One of the plunges of the week was on Princess Dash in the Lincoln Plate. This filly had been very highly tried, but as is the way of so many good things at this early period of the season, she was well beaten in a gigantic field of twenty-eight. However, Princess Dash is likely to make good the losses of Lincoln before long.

Coming Events

The races during the present week are of small importance, and I shall attempt no selections until Easter Monday, on which day there will be good racing in all parts of the country. Londoners will foregather in their usual strong numbers at the Kempton Park Meeting, where the principal attraction will be the Queen's Prize. Some of the Lincoln and Liverpool horses will be fighting their battles over again in this race, and I think that the winner will be supplied by Lord Derby, probably in **Gourd.** At Manchester, on the same day, will be run the Lancashire Steeplechase, which Coulthwaite's stable may take with **Eremon** or **Seisdon Prince.** It may be mentioned that owing to the early "going to press" of this issue, these notes were written before the Liverpool Spring Cup and the Grand National were run.

The Turkish Match Monopoly

A Company is about to be formed, with a capital of £102,000, to be called Anglaustur, Ltd., for the purpose of consolidating and defining the various International (British, French, Austrian, Italian, and Turkish) interests involved in the match monopoly about to be granted by Turkey. The formation of the Company was found to be necessary in order to allot more easily the divergent holdings in the business, and the success of the consolidation is mainly due to the indefatigable efforts of Mr. C. F. Kennedy and Mr. Charles Staniforth, respectively the chairman and the agent of the New Founders' Association, Ltd. The Anglaustur Company will be the parent from which the ultimate issue, a Company with a capital of £10,000,000, will spring, and its directors are: H.I.H. the Duke of Braganza (Chairman); Earl Denbigh (Vice-Chairman); Lord Charles Montagu, of Messrs. Montagu, Oppenheim and Company; Mr. Tedeschi, representing a powerful group of British financiers; Mr. Whittaker, representing the New Founders' Association, Ltd.; and Mr. S. Springer, representing the Fausta Syndicate, the members of which are, *inter alia*, M. Ephrussi, M. Deutsch, and other great French capitalists.



From The Strangers' Gallery

A Few More Candid Comments on the Commons

(ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CLEAVER)

A Good-Humoured House

I am sure the House of Commons is the best-humoured body of men that could ever be brought together this side of the Millennium. The one half being sent to Parliament for the official purpose of heaping on the other the hate of hate and the scorn of scorn, it is a little surprising that Whitehall is not crowded every afternoon and evening with cars carrying the bodies of legislators to their graves rather than to their dinners.

To read, one morning, the language used by this right hon. gentleman about the other is to wonder why on earth the two men have not afterwards gone out on to Westminster Bridge and pushed each other under the trams. Instead of which, they seem to take positive delight in each other's abuse. Nobody, for instance, reads so truly awful in print as Mr. Winston Churchill. What, the other day, he told Mr. Lyttelton about his (Mr. Lyttelton's) goings-on when Colonial Secretary ought to have goaded that gentleman into something desperate. Instead of which, Mr. Lyttelton, at each successive epithet, merely laughed, at first gently, then hysterically, until, at last, almost in convulsions, I feared he would have to be helped out by two supporters. Nothing that Mr. Churchill had said was particularly funny. Only the mere idea of being abused seems to affect a politician's risibility as though, for all the world, he were being tickled with a feather.

Genial Opponents

Mr. Balfour was, I believe, convulsed with laughter when Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman said, in historic phrase, "Enough of this foolery!" In fact, I strongly suspect that the two right hon. humorists invented the phrase together at one of those private conferences behind the Speaker's Chair at which so many things are settled. What, for instance, more beautiful than that little episode last Session. Mr. Balfour was attacking the Government; to strengthen his case, he tried to recall a quotation from one of Mr. Gladstone's speeches, but was a little shaky as to the wording. What does Mr. Morley, who is sitting opposite, do but turn up a volume of his own "Life of Gladstone" at the exact speech wanted, and, with the sweetest of smiles, hand it over to Mr. Balfour!

Behind the Scenes

"One of those private conferences behind the Speaker's Chair at which so many things are settled"

The Gentle Art of Interruption

And these be the men we are gulled into supposing are athirst for each other's blood! Why, even an interruption is one of the most graceful things possible to witness. A right hon. gentleman is in the thick of a heavy argument, decorated, perhaps, with figures. From below the Gangway splutters an hon. voice. Instantly, the great man sits down and the little man has the House. Having said what he has to say, up again jumps the great man, who, with the sweetest of right hon. smiles and bows, answers the interruption, and then proceeds with his discourse. Of course, if the interruptions are of the seated kind, a snub may be the lot of the interrupter—and a Parliamentary snub is not the pleasantest of things to be subjected to.

To Be Abused is to Be Amused

So good-humoured is the House, that to tell a speaker (in effect) to shut up is to tickle him to

Turtle-doves on the Treasury Bench

"Mr. Churchill, who sat nestled up against the Premier." (A very familiar attitude)

death; to criticise his honesty, his morals, and his ancestry is to make him laugh so much as to split his hon. sides. When Mr. Bonar Law, during the "Slavery" debate, leaned across the table and told Mr. Churchill, who sat nestled up against the Premier, that the reason why he was not promoted was because the Government feared he would lose his seat at Manchester, if Mr. Churchill did not exactly dig the Premier in the ribs and shout with merriment, he came very near it, for his hon. face was wreathed in smiles. The House, which has been so persistently kept aglow by the presence of such masters of persiflage as Mr. Birrell, of quips and gibes as Mr. Lloyd-George, of phrases as Mr. Churchill, has naturally made it a little impatient of the "dull dogs"—I use this in a comparative sense.

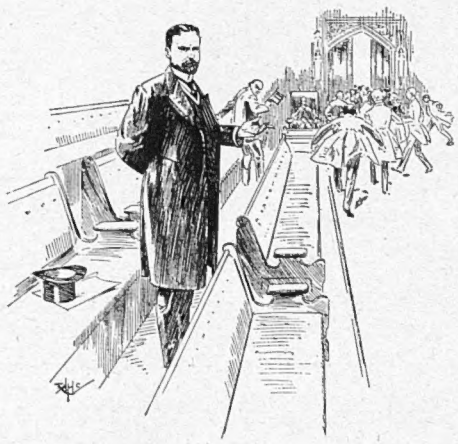
"Chasers"

As a matter of fact, the attitude of the body politic of the House towards its speakers is rather that of the town lounger towards music-hall turns. Members listen if there's anything good—disappearing to the smoke-room or lobby if a bore is up. They waft in and out of the House like autumn leaves swept by a changeable breeze. Balfour in form, "Winston" at bay, Birrell, Burns, or Lloyd-George, fill the House even as, in "another place," do Mr. Lauder, Mr. Robey, Miss Lloyd, and Mr. Tich. *Others* empty it as effectually as, at a music-hall, do the educated animal, the concertina trickster, and the ventriloquist. This is not, of course, due to any inferiority on the part of the players themselves, but to the hopelessly satiated temperaments—or insatiable thirsts—of the auditors. It is sad, for instance, that the rising of so thoughtful a man as Mr. Haldane, to expound his creation of a new Army (in the House of Commons), is greeted by a general clearance. When, again, a man like Mr. Rufus Isaacs rises to address the House, it is a little humiliating for him to be faced by nought but green benches. Recently, he made a case against Protection which would have convinced any jury, and got Mr. Balfour hanged; but I suppose the House of Commons, in that conceited fashion of its own, doesn't fancy itself as a jury. Neither does it favour the debating society type of speaker. Even clever young Mr. F. E. Smith does not, now, draw an overflow audience. His wit is too fluent for the rather vulgar taste of the present House. Another capacity in which the House of Commons does not fancy itself is that of a lecture class. It loathes being "told things." Perhaps one of the reasons the Labour M.P.'s nearly always find the House deserted when they rise to speak is the awkward habit they have acquired of hectoring. "I ain't a—argerin' with yer—I'm a—tellin' yer," is representative of the attitude (and almost the accent) of some of their leaders. Listening to Mr. Ward the other day on Chinese Labour, I wondered what the House had done to get such a rating as he seemed to be giving it. Mr. Ward is an imposing-looking gentleman, with a large presence and a forcible voice and manner, who addresses the House ve . . ry clear . . . ly and dis . . tinct . . . ly. He may be known by the wealth of the whiteness, and the extreme softness and squashiness, of the hat, which sits proudly upon his massive head and absorbs the eye whenever one glances below the Opposition Gangway. He will, one day, be Premier (or President) of Great Britain. He looks and sounds the part.

Mr. John Ward
"He will, one day, be Premier (or President) of Great Britain. He looks and sounds the part"

When Sir Gilbert Parker Rises

Talking of "chasers"—Members whose rising effects an outward clearance of the House—the Prince among these is Sir Gilbert Parker. To see the rush which takes place when he rises to address the House—as, no matter what the topic, or how much he knows about it, he generally does—is one of the sights of London. Members do not merely peter out gently—as in the case of, say, Sir Frederick Banbury in a speech against time—when Sir Gilbert rises. They run. They gather up their frocks and papers, and fly like a drove of frightened faun. One might think that a fire or the Suffragettes had broken out. Only long after Sir Gilbert has said his last word do the fugitives timidly steal back to their places. And yet Sir Gilbert does not suggest the *genus* bore. A man of gentle beard and kindly hair, of peerless frock-coat and soothing, lulling voice, who is he that he should, by standing up, scatter to the four winds the elected representatives of the Mother of Parliaments? When he rises, and has proceeded for a sentence or so, you are impressed, and you wonder why he has so few listeners. Later, when he has got to the 256th preamble to the introductory section of his speech, and has argued high, and low, and also round about him—then . . . you wonder why he has so many. V. C.



The Gentle Art of Emptying the House
Invariable effect of the rising of Sir Gilbert Parker

(THE END)

The Topictator

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The King

The King, this week, brings to an end his holiday in Biarritz, and prepares to meet the Queen on the Royal yacht in the Mediterranean. His Majesty has derived great benefit from his stay on the Spanish frontier, and is a different man from when he arrived; for it is an open secret that, when he left London for Biarritz, he professed himself unusually fagged and tired. He even complained to those around him of the pressure of work; and it is, of course, obvious that a fortnight or three weeks full of arduous duties, tempered even as they are with light relaxation, cannot be anything but a strain on a man of the King's age. It is very certain that we shall have, sooner or later, to realise, whether we want to or not, that we have on the throne of England, if not an aged Queen, at any rate, a King who is not exactly young.

* * *

Royal Visits

One of the visits paid by Her Majesty the Queen during her trip in the Mediterranean will be to the Comtesse de Paris at the Château de Villamanrique, Cadiz. This semi-Royal lady, in view of the expected heir to the Spanish throne, is just now an interesting personality. She is the mother of Princess Louise of Orléans, and it is this Princess who is talked of as the future wife of Prince Charles of Caserta, by courtesy Prince of the Asturias, the father of King Alfonso's present heir. The Comtesse de Paris, who was herself, as a baby, regarded as a possible heir to the Spanish throne, was born at Seville, and received the title of a Spanish Infanta when only a few weeks old.

* * *

Many Heir-Presumptives

The rôle of heir-presumptive is one which the Orléans family seems fated to fill. Of the daughters of the Comtesse de Paris, the Duchess of Aosta is married to a man who has been heir-presumptive to two Kings—to his father as King Amadeus of Spain, and to his relative the King of Italy before the little Prince Humbert of Piedmont was born. Her only unmarried daughter, Princess Louise, is mentioned as the wife of the father of King Alfonso's heir-presumptive; her eldest son is the Duc d'Orléans, the Pretender to the French throne; and of all her children only one, the Queen of Portugal, wears a crown. The Comtesse—though looking at our picture it will hardly be credited, for she is in appearance the typical old French lady—is in reality some months younger than Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, who is still comparatively youthful in appearance. The grand-daughter of King Ferdinand VII. of Spain, the Comtesse was married before she was sixteen, her younger sister, the ill-fated Queen Mercedes, wife of King Alfonso XII., having married even younger.

* * *

The Spanish Royal Family

Rumour, which, now there is so close a tie between the Courts of Spain and England, flies swiftly, is once again asserting that the young Queen of Spain is not, so to speak, exactly trimming her sails to the wind. It is evident, indeed, that Her Majesty has inherited to no small extent that utter lack of adaptability and too great share of insular prejudice which were the noted characteristics of the late Empress Frederick and of her Royal mother before her. To be a good

Photo *Boissonas and Taponier*

The Comtesse de Paris and Her Daughters

On the left is standing Princess Louise, while the Queen of Portugal is sitting on the right. Standing at the back is the Duchesse de Guise. Queen Alexandra is shortly visiting the Comtesse de Paris at Cadiz

Society and the Culture Cult

Spaniard would seem to be less the ambition of Queen Eugénie than to assert herself as an Englishwoman. Her amazing, and in one so youthful rather charming, self-confidence is, I suppose, only natural to a girl brought up at the Court of Queen Victoria, at Windsor, at Balmoral, and at Osborne. But in a Queen in a strange country, as was proved so conclusively in the case of the Empress Frederick of Germany, such self-possession, when not allied either to adaptability or to special charm of manner, is fatal to the acquirement of extreme popularity. Queen Alexandra, apart from her own sweet and gracious personality, has earned the love and respect of her adopted country by the good taste and tact with which she has refrained from thrusting Danish customs and Danish prejudices down English throats. Queen Victoria Eugénie, in her youth and inexperience, could not do better than follow her Royal aunt's example, for popularity, especially to one who cannot herself claim exclusively Royal descent, is an attribute well worth having.

* * *

A Book of Exodus

After an unusually eventful Lenten season, from a social point of view, people are escaping, as fast as the *train de luxe* will carry them, to the South. "O to be in England now that April's there" resolves itself more every year into "O to be in Monte now the East winds (at home) blow," and this year the rush to the South has been greater than ever. Some people, however, as a "well-informed Society correspondent" would say, still remain in England. Some of the house-parties which assembled last week for the Liverpool Races are running on into Easter, and Lord and Lady Derby at Knowsley, Lord and Lady Crewe, Lord and Lady Sefton, and Mr. and Mrs. Hall Walker, all have large Easter house-parties. The Queen, after a strenuous week or more of sight-seeing of the most fatiguing description—the Tower, the Tate Gallery, etc.—has been resting at Sandringham; and at Sandringham, too, the Prince and Princess of Wales will spend a quiet Easter with their children, the family party being reinforced by Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck.

Photo *Russell and Son*

Mr. Max Beerbohm

Who has been doing nothing in particular lately—rather well. He is now quite *à la mode* as an asset to Society gatherings

* * *

The Cultivation of Culture

Culture, with a big C, is the darling pursuit of the hour. Invitations which formerly spelt bridge or poker now spell a lecture or a *causerie*. The cult of culture is superseding even the cult of the occult, for so long the cult of cults. The man of letters, of academic renown, reigns as king in drawing-rooms where the man to whom *Wein, Weib und Gesang* suffices once reigned supreme. Duchesses sit, gold-pencilled, at the receipt of knowledge. The *salons* of Paquin are deserted for the *salons* of Dr. Reich. The emotions analysed (preferably in the language of diplomacy) make one late for one's tea at the Carlton. The man of culture (alleged) who has nothing to say gives, as George Eliot says, wordy evidence of the fact. *Esprit* is the mental possession to which the fashionable woman most aspires.

* * *

"Self-Improvement Societies"

To this end, she cultivates the man of letters, of classic honours, no matter in what direction. Even the castigators of Society are its pets. The presence of Father Bernard Vaughan would just now make any party "go." The name of Mr. Max Beerbohm, brilliant writer and still more brilliant caricaturist, is becoming a stock feature in the "Amongst those present" of the Fashionable Intelligence Columns of the daily papers. Youthful politicians in the making are having their little day. The Winston Churchills, the F. E. Smiths—what party is complete without them? And so on, *ad libitum*.

* * *

St. Patrick's Day and the Irish Guards

The advent of St. Patrick's Day was made known to me, first, by a pressing invitation to attend the St. Patrick Exhibition and Sale of Royal Irish Industries at the Ritz; second, by the bright green bows worn by several poodles of my acquaintance in the Park on the Sunday; and, lastly, by an accidental proximity to the Wellington Barracks on St. Patrick's Day in the morning. The Irish Guards, "the dhears," were being presented with the Queen's shamrock, great ceremony being observed. Everything, down to the regimental dog, an Irish wolf-hound, was Irish — Lord Roberts, the men, the music, the shamrock, even the enthusiasm. Hundreds of people were poised on the rails, a line of bayonets within an inch of them; but there was no spiking. After the ceremony, eight hundred men, all proudly wearing the green, marched to the Church of SS. Edward and Peter, where there was a festival High Mass. At night, there was a dinner—a real St. Patrick's dinner—and a ball—a real St. Patrick's ball.

* * *

The Hexham Election

The Hexham election, the polling for which takes place to-day, has given rise to some quaint articles in the Americanised halfpenny newspapers. Hexham, the neighbourhood around which is in reality a rising residential centre for the more

The Cult of Society Lectures

Copyright *Graphic Photo Agency*

Mlle. Marie de Nys, who is delivering lectures in French at the Ritz during the season

The afternoon lecture, thanks largely to Dr. Emil Reich, has obtained such a vogue in Society that many well-known hostesses have actually discarded bridge parties in favour of this much more serious form of entertainment. The Ritz, nowadays, is quite the resort of Society people on mutual improvement bent

St. Patrick's Day in Town

Copyright *Graphic Photo Agency*

St. Patrick's Day in London: Lord Roberts calls for three cheers for their Majesties at the Wellington Barracks

"The wearin' of the green" was not confined to Irishmen on St. Patrick's Day, Sunday, March 17, for every other person one met wore a green tie or ribbon. The Irish Guards at the Wellington Barracks were presented with shamrock by Lord Roberts

opulent of the Newcastle business men, has been referred to as a hamlet hidden in the fastnesses of the mountains, and the whole contest has been spoken of as raging almost outside the ken of the civilised world. Hexham, of course, has somehow managed to retain the old-world appearance which should be the meed of a town which has in turn been battered by Saxon and Dane and Scot, but it is as much in touch with the centre of British thought as, say, Yonkers or Hoboken, or wherever the reporters in question come from.

* * *

A Divided House

The noble house of Carlisle is nothing if not a politically divided one. Like their mother, the redoubtable Countess of Carlisle, ardent Liberals, Lady Dorothy and Lady Aurea Howard have been exerting all their influence in the Hexham election in favour of the Liberal candidate, Mr. Holt. Lord Morpeth, their brother and Lord Carlisle's heir, M.P. for South Birmingham, and the staunchest of staunch Conservatives, has been fighting hard for the Conservative candidate, Colonel Bates. Both the Ladies Howard are ardent Suffragists. Lady Dorothy, the elder of the two unmarried daughters of the Countess of Carlisle, inherits all her mother's talents, especially that of public speaking, and has several times during this election addressed an open-air

Photo] **The Recent Transvaal Elections: Going to the poll in Pritchard Street, Johannesburg** *[Hosking*

Johannesburg, as the centre of the new self-governing Transvaal Colony, was, needless to say, much excited over the elections, as will be seen from the above picture of one of the principal streets in the city

Shall We Fly Soon?

SOME OF THE LATEST AEROPLANE MODELS

Photo] **M. Santos-Dumont's Latest Aeroplane: "14 bis"** [*Illustrations Bureau*

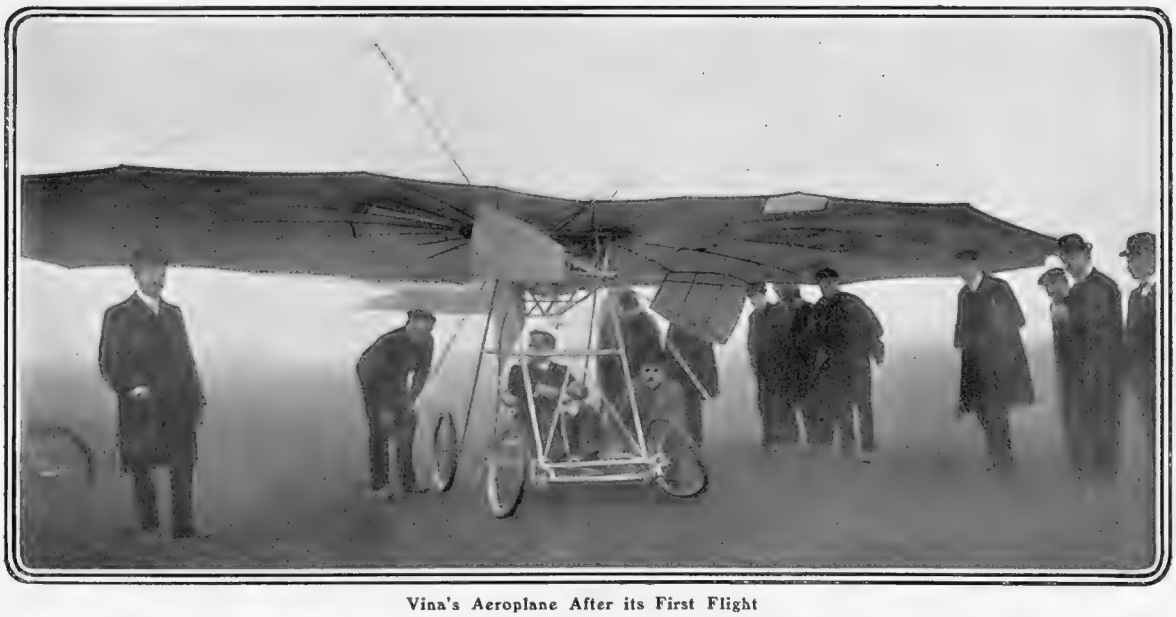
M. Santos-Dumont is still hard at work perfecting his aeroplanes, the latest of which is here shown. It is kept in the balloon shed of the Military School at St. Cyr

Photo] **In Shape of a Bird** [*Illustrations Bureau*

Mr. José Weiss, a well-known landscape artist, experimenting with one of his models at Arundel

The Tani Aeroplane

The action of this model is based on the principles of kite-flying



Vina's Aeroplane After its First Flight

An Austrian inventor, Trojan Vina, was the other day successful in flying nearly twenty yards at the height of 4ft. from the ground. The above picture shows his front wheels buckled by the force with which he returned to earth! A great many inventors are now at work perfecting their machines, of which the public as yet know nothing, but in the very near future it is safe to prophesy that someone will be able to claim the £1,000 prize offered by the *Daily Graphic* for a mile's flight

Hexham Vexed About a Nave

meeting in Hexham market-place. An ex-Girton girl and an accomplished linguist, Lady Dorothy and her mother are at one in the completeness with which they together differ on political and social questions from Lord Carlisle and Lord Morpeth and other members of the family.

* * *

The New Nave at Hexham Abbey

Side by side with the political controversies which have been

Sent to vex 'em,

The men of Hexham

are just now being exercised over a particularly nice architectural point. Hexham Abbey is, as it is hardly necessary to remind our readers, one of the most beautiful specimens of Early English architecture extant. The "fourth arm of the Cross"—*i.e.* the nave—however, was left unbuilt, though it was evidently the intention of the builders to complete their work in the Early English style. The work of building it has now been undertaken by the present Restoration Committee, and much indignation exists in Hexham in that these gentlemen have accepted a design not in the Early English of the twelfth, but the Decorated style of the fourteenth, century—an erection which will be, it is held, utterly incongruous, and in comparison with the mellowed richness and beautiful lines of the rest of the structure, vulgar, gawkish, and glaring. The reason why the "outrage" is being perpetrated is the familiar one that it is cheaper—that it could be done with the available funds of £15,000, whereas the earlier design would cost £30,000. Better, say the aggrieved parties, not build the nave at all—it is not wanted for purposes of worship—than build it in a style which will be grossly offensive and historically inharmonious. Of course, it is as difficult to adjudicate between architects as between doctors. There will, eternally, be a conflict between the strict and the decorative in art and in morals alike, and partisans of the one will use towards partisans of the other the uttermost resources of the English language. I hear, by the way, that there is a very decided movement in favour of making Hexham Abbey the cathedral church of the diocese in place of St. Nicholas, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Photo] **Lady Dorothy Howard** [*Russell*

Who has been actively canvassing for the Liberal Candidate at Hexham, though her brother, Lord Morpeth, M.P., and the rest of her family, have been fighting for the Conservatives

Photo] **Hexham Abbey: The scene of a keen architectural feud** [*Gibson*

Much indignation exists "up North" because of the acceptance by the Restoration Committee of the famous Abbey of a design to complete the building by a nave in the Decorated fourteenth-century style, instead of in the Early English style of the rest of the Cathedral. As will be seen above, only three arms of the cross are completed in the present building

A Well-known Lady Skater

MISS HARRISON AT HOME AND ON THE ICE

"The Light Fantastic": A Delicate Pose

Miss Harrison and Mr. Greig Skating at St. Moritz

Miss Harrison, who won the Waltzing Competition at Prince's recently

Next to Mrs. Syers, Miss Harrison is, undoubtedly, the best lady skater of the day, and is well known at all the great skating centres. Mr. Greig, her partner in the Waltzing Competition at Prince's, is the Champion of England

Photos *Reynolds*

A Country House in London

A Lesson from the Wrecks

The stormy weather with which we were visited at the beginning of last week brought in its train the inevitable series of disasters for "those in peril on the sea." By far the most remarkable, inasmuch as they were attended by no loss of life, were the almost simultaneous mishaps to the two steamers *Suevic* and *Jebba* in the early hours of Monday, the 18th. In each case, the behaviour of the rescuers and the rescued call for the very highest praise, and, remarkable though it may seem, the only injury, so far as is known, is a broken collar-bone sustained by a passenger of the *Suevic* in being lowered into a lifeboat, though the weather at the time of the rescue was of the roughest. Both were passenger steamers, the *Suevic* being one of the White Star Line on her way home from the Cape with nearly six hundred on board, while the *Jebba*, coming from West Africa, carried one hundred and sixty souls. Humanity has lately realised how puny are its efforts in trying to battle against the forces of Nature, and it has been taught terrible lessons in the wreck of the *Berlin* and in the Jamaican, Valparaiso, and San Francisco earthquakes. Last week's wrecks, on the other hand, have also proved that, though man, in his fight with the elements, may be, and very often is, beaten, yet he must not for this reason relax his efforts in devising ways and means by which he may gain the victory whenever there is the least possibility of doing so.

* * *

The Ranger's Lodge

The King's kindness towards all those with whom he comes into contact is proverbial. For some time past, Sir Stanley Clarke, Principal Equerry and Clerk Marshal to His Majesty, has been in poor health. Just before the King's departure for Biarritz, Sir Stanley's physician ordered him abroad, and so the King immediately arranged that Sir Stanley should take his turn at "waiting" during his (the King's) stay at Biarritz. Sir Stanley and Lady Clarke, therefore, are now both at Biarritz with His Majesty, and Sir Stanley is already better. During their absence they have lent the Ranger's Lodge, their residence in Hyde Park, to Commander and Mrs. Colin Keppel.

* * *

"Rus in Urbe"

Commander Keppel, who is now on the Royal yacht, was once Equerry to the late Duke of Edinburgh, his wife being in waiting on the Duchess, and they are still intimately connected with the Saxe-Coburg family. Their two daughters, Marie and Melita, aged nineteen and seventeen, are to come out next year, at the same time as their cousin, Lady Betty Keppel, the only daughter of Lord Albemarle. The Ranger's Lodge is a familiar landmark to all Londoners. It is a pretty little house standing in its own tiny grounds, close to the Serpentine, and is rather ideal in appearance. Like most ideals, however, in practice it falls considerably short. It is, in fact, both uncomfortable and inconvenient, in spite of the fact that it has of late been considerably enlarged and altered. It was only granted to Sir Stanley Clarke by the King a year ago, on the death of General Bateson, Equerry to the late Duke of Cambridge, but in that time its disadvantages have had ample opportunity to assert themselves.

Copyright] **A Country House in London: The Ranger's Lodge in Hyde Park** [*The Bystander*

While Sir Stanley Clarke, the King's Principal Equerry and Clerk Marshal, is at Biarritz with His Majesty, he has lent his London residence, Ranger's Lodge, Hyde Park, to Commander and Mrs. Colin Keppel

A Week of Wrecks

SAVING THE "SUEVIC'S" PASSENGERS—THE WRECK OF THE "JEBBA"

The White Star Liner "Suevic"

Which ran ashore off the Lizard last week, homeward bound from Australia to Plymouth

Landing the "Suevic's" passengers

Besides the crew of 200 there were nearly 400 passengers on the boat at the time she struck, half of whom were women and children. All were safely landed

Photo] **The S.S. "Jebba" of the Elder Dempster Line, which was wrecked off South Devon** *[Halftones, Ltd.*

Almost simultaneously with the *Suevic* going ashore off the Lizard, the *Jebba* was wrecked near Bolt Tail, on the South Coast of Devon. She was homeward bound to Plymouth from West Africa, and carried 160 passengers and crew, all of whom were saved. Many of these had exciting experiences, having to be hoisted up the cliffs with ropes. There was no panic among the passengers of the *Jebba* or *Suevic*, while they both carried adequate life-saving apparatus, and to this is, no doubt, due the fact that no lives were lost in either case

A Duchess as Doctor

Rome at Easter

Rome at Easter, say Rome's lovers, is not Rome at all. It is just a meeting-place for excursionists. A week ago, a letter from the Eternal City informed me that there were some four thousand visitors less than the avérage number for this time of the year in Rome. With the advent of Easter, however, visitors not only from abroad, but from all parts of Italy, flock into the city, and almost uncomfortably over-fill it. Holy Week is, needless to say, a week in which the churches and their services are the chief attraction, if one may so speak, in Rome. Most of the galleries, and, of course, all the theatres and other places of amusement, are closed. On Holy Thursday, absolution and special indulgence is granted to the faithful. On Palm Sunday, in all the churches and basilicas, palm, blessed by the priests, is distributed, and sextons and the like do a thriving trade selling crosses of blessed palm to the curio-hunting Americans. The palm in all the churches is supplied by the Bresca family, of Bordighera, the sole privilege of doing so having been granted to them by Pope Sixtus V. Sellers of palm on Palm Sunday swarm on the steps of St. Peter's and in the large Piazza di S. Pietro beneath.

* * *

Holy Week

Mass, on Palm Sunday, is celebrated in St. Peter's by the Pontiff in person. On the Monday before Easter, in the chapel dedicated to St. Zeno the Martyr, the Sacred Column, with three thorns from the Holy Crown, is exhibited to the faithful; on Tuesday other relics are exhibited at the Church of St. Mary del Popolo and St. Mary in Campitelli; on the Wednesday evening Mass in Tenebrae is held, and is conjoint with Thursday's liturgy. The Mass of Laudes is celebrated, and the ceremony of washing the feet (styled mandatum) is gone through. The priest celebrating is clothed in a violet cope. After the chanting of the Gospel, he takes off his cope, girds his loins with a linen towel, and approaching the twelve poor persons pours upon their bared feet a little water. An attendant holds up the foot, another holds beneath a basin, and the celebrant wipes the foot and kisses it. In the Cathedrals, this ceremony is followed by the blessing of the Holy Oil.

* * *

Pascal Proceedings in St. Peter's

On Thursday evening the great Papal altar of St. Peter's is washed with aromatic wine and water; the one hundred and twenty-two lamps which surround the altar are extinguished one by one, and torches light the withdrawing crowds. On Holy Thursday all the churches vie with each other in presenting the most beautiful representation of the Holy Sepulchre. Most Catholics consider it a duty to visit at least seven Sepulchres during the day, and Queen Margherita goes always to that of S. Silvestro, perhaps the most beautiful. At the Church of S. Rocco a carpet of flowers, presented by the Borghese family, is generally exhibited, and at the Church of Saint Maria Egiziaca a faithful representation of the real Sepulchre in Jerusalem is to be seen. On Good Friday, visitors always flock to the Church of Saint Marcello, where *La Desolata* takes place; on Easter Eve, the fire, lit with twigs under the portico of St. Peter's, and the water in the Baptistry, are blessed, and the bells, bound since Maunday Thursday, are untied, and High Pontifical Mass is celebrated with music. On Easter Day the faithful came formerly in great numbers to St. Peter's, where the Pope celebrated Mass and gave his blessing from the balcony over the great entrance door. It was hoped that the present Pope would revive the custom, but he is not allowed to show too much benevolence.

Photo *Alice Hughes*

The Duchess of Montrose, LL.D.

On whom the degree of Doctor of Laws is to be conferred on the occasion of the forthcoming Royal visit to Glasgow University

* * *

Royalty in Scotland

The Prince and Princess of Wales, on the occasion of their visit to Glasgow next month to open the University extension, will have the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws conferred on them. The degree will also be conferred on the Duchess of Montrose, the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Elgin, Earl Roberts, Mr. Wyndham, and Mr. Asquith, all of whom will be in Glasgow for the ceremony. The Duchess of Montrose, a daughter of the Grahams of Netherby, has inherited to the full the characteristic beauty of her famous house, and she rather resembles in appearance the late Duchess of Leinster, her first cousin, and a regally beautiful woman. Both she and the Duke are immensely popular in the North. The Duke is a great sportsman, a considerate landlord, and, in fact, an ideal country gentleman. His beautiful seat is on the banks of Loch Lomond, and his son and heir, the Marquis of Graham, rules over the Isle of Arran in positively feudal style. His marriage to Lady Mary Hamilton, the grand-daughter of the Duchess of Devonshire, was the event of last season. The King and Queen witnessed the ceremony, the "double duchess" gave a great ball in her grand-daughter's honour, and the crowds were simply awful. To-day, in quiet Arran, there is excitement of a milder kind, but deep enough nevertheless to stir to the depths the hearts of the natives. An heir to the house of Graham is expected, and preparations for its welcome proceed apace.

Rome at Easter

A POPULAR RUIN—THE PALACE OF THE CÆSARS

TWO VIEWS OF THE PALACE OF THE CÆSARS, ON THE MOUNT PALATINE, ROME

Photos *Miss Chapman*

Rome, at Easter, is more than at any oth r time the resort of the British and German tourist. One of the most popular rendezvous for these is the Palace of the Cæ ars, two views of which are here shown. Containing ruins of the houses of Augustus, Tiberius, Livia, Caligula, Domitian, Hadrian, and others, the Palace occupies the summit of Palatine Mountain, on the West side of the Forum, and is of illimitable interest to the tourist with tireless feet and keen antiquarian leanings.. (Roman Society, of course, avoids ruins)

CONTINENTAL CHAT

The Late M. Casimir-Perier

The Presidency of the late M. Casimir-Perier was short indeed—just seven months—but long enough to show what an admirable President he could have made. He seemed just cut out for the post. His resignation, therefore, was received with regret, and on all sides with surprise. Unlike his successors, his talents were backed by family traditions. He was brought up in a Ministerial atmosphere, for his grandfather was one of Louis Philippe's Ministers, and his father had a portfolio under M. Thiers. And Casimir-Perier was as proud of his father and grandfather as M. Fallières is of his blacksmith ancestors! Was it not at the Castle of the Casimir-Periers, at Vizille, that the Dauphiné States met in 1778? The Casimir-Periers were very rich, and the late statesman announced his intention of entertaining a great deal at the Elysée; but since his retirement, however, from political life, he changed his mind. His enemies called him "the spoilt child of fortune, a man lacking in patriotism," but his friends declared "he was too honest to remain in power." His task was by no means easy, yet the nation was predisposed in his favour, and he had his critics like the rest of human flesh. The well-groomed, correct Carnot, "the stick of cosmetic," as he was generally known, was as often held up to ridicule as "King" Félix Faure, "Lou-Lou" (afterwards "*le petit* Loubet"), and *le gros* Fallières. Casimir-Perier's square chin, pensive eyes, and coarse mouth lent themselves so well to the caricaturist's art, much to their owner's annoyance. But the more he showed his dislike to this kind of drawing, the more was he persecuted.

* * *

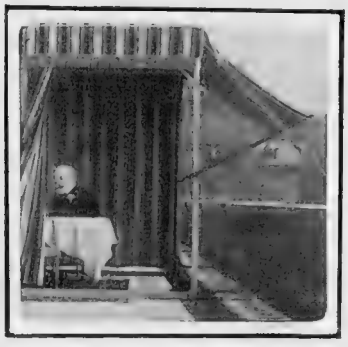
A Stormy Seven Months

When his reign commenced, the public applauded the man who had dared to step into the shoes of the assassinated Carnot, and, as his determined face turned to bow to his subjects, "success" seemed to be stamped there. His family traditions, too, counted for something. Everybody knew whence came his power, and no one would dream of classing him amongst that category of men called "*arrivists*," who get to power they care not how. Think what a reception Loubet had when he was elected President! Never shall I forget the pitiful little object who returned from Versailles to the cries of "Panama! Panama!" his hat smashed in by the mob and his coat covered with mud. Never was a man so unpopular. Yet, at the end of seven years, who could have been more beloved? Casimir-Perier's reign was not calm. During those seven months, a bomb was thrown in the Chamber, but he and his Minister, Charles Dupuy, showed such courage that, had he struggled on, he must have been victorious. Had he been able to remember France a little more and forget Casimir-Perier, he would not have resigned so quickly. But he was proud, touchy, and cared for no one. He

Photo *F. H. Rowell*

The King of Spain driving his Panhard car, accompanied by the Infante don Carlos (on his left) and the Royal chauffeur (in the tonneau)

received Ambassadors after his own fashion; he disliked being guarded by the secret police; but what he objected to most of all was the limited power of the President. Of Roosevelt's position he was very envious. He did not like figuring in the eyes of foreign nations as the "irresponsible Chief of the State," and when M. Fallières (then Minister) spoke in favour of this limited power, Casimir-Perier, forgetting *his* limited power, turned upon this gentleman in public and "administered some of his mind."



The King at work in his tent at the Hotel du Palais, Biarritz

* * *

The Unsolved Mystery

The mystery of his reign, he promised, should be given to the nation on his death-bed; but, alas, how little is man master of his fate! Casimir-Perier's last moments were too short to think of confession. His secret, therefore, follows him to the grave, and it will be entered in the great volume of things unknown, where the deaths of Félix Faure, Zola, and many others are also registered. "A great misfortune is threatening France. Devoid of power, how can I prevent it?" he wrote in his letter of resignation, and if anyone looked at his heart now, written across it will be found the word "Dreyfus." With his resignation ended the political life of Casimir-Perier.

* * *

The Jéna Disaster

It is a curious fact that twelve years ago, when Casimir-Perier tendered his resignation, France was overwhelmed with the news of the explosion of the Lagonbrun powder magazine at Toulon. At the moment when everyone was speaking of his death came the report of the catastrophe of the *Jéna*, which has plunged France suddenly into mourning. I have just been writing a letter of condolence to a mother whose son perished on the warship, and it was by no means an easy task. She is one of those brilliant Frenchwomen who are capable of playing the rôles of father and mother at the same time, and yet, like very few, her devotion had by no means crippled her beloved son's interests. What a brilliant future seemed to be stretching out before him. And now! What exactly was the cause of the disaster has not yet been determined, but it is evident, from all accounts, that sufficient precautions had not been taken. We are living in an age when haste prevents us from erring on the safe side—an age when everybody is getting careless. In former times all the ammunition was landed before the ship went into the arsenal. When she was in dry dock, there was no fire on board, no cooking was done, and firemen always kept watch. Let us hope that the energetic Minister of the Marine, M. Thomson, will insist on these "exaggerated precautions" being again the order of the day. It seems horrible to think of 118 lives being lost in time of peace.

The King, accompanied by his Private Secretary, takes a stroll on the Plage

In the Reserved Courtyard at the Hotel

The King chatting with the Count de Gontaut-Biron, Master of the Biarritz Foxhounds

M. Fallières has received telegrams of sympathy from Mr. Roosevelt and every European monarch. Although King Edward is in France, his telegram arrived a few minutes after that of Wilhelm II. King Alfonso, whose brother-in-law is staying in Cannes, requested him as soon as possible to visit the scene of the disaster and convey his sympathy to the crew of the ship which had escorted him to France.

A Reminiscence of the Past!

King Edward passes in front of a shop dedicated to his former self—"Au Prince de Galles"

* * *

The King at Biarritz

His Majesty is enjoying his second holiday on the Continent this year, though, of course, his visit to Paris with the Queen a little while since was really nothing much more than a "week-end." At Biarritz, however, he is having a real rest, in so far as it is possible for him to get away from his multifarious duties. He will be visited by the King of Saxony on his way home from Portugal, where he is now a guest of the King of Portugal, and he will be invested with the Order of the Garter. Early next

month, accompanied by Queen Alexandra, it has been arranged that he shall meet the King and Queen of Spain at Cartagena. The King of Spain, by the way, has quite recovered from his recent indisposition, and we publish a photograph of him in one of his Panhard cars. King Alfonso was one of the pioneers of motoring in Spain, and possesses a fine fleet of cars. By his side is seated the Infante don Carlos.

* * *

The Position in Bulgaria

Several people wondered, when Princess Clémentine died, how Prince Ferdinand would conduct his affairs of State. He was obliged to come to Paris for a few days to settle some of his mother's family affairs, and was to take advantage of his incognito to revisit the gay capital. But the murder of his Minister cut his holiday short, and he was obliged to hurry back to deal with what several pessimists consider the beginning of a revolution. This is possibly very much exaggerated; but Bulgarian affairs are in a far more agitated condition than even Ferdinand admits. The women, following the example of the Russians, are being educated to an extent that is not wholesome for them, and many of them, too, are being fed with those Nihilistic ideas which have led their Russian sisters beyond all bounds of reason. The murdered Minister was an intimate friend of Prince Ferdinand, a wealthy man, and a great influence in the land. He was a disciple of Stambouloff, and the fact that he was murdered under similar conditions proves that the plot was of a political, and not a private, character. M. Petkof's success greatly irritated the Opposition, who considered the Party had stayed too long in power; and some time ago Prince Ferdinand was obliged to close the University of Sofia on account of the Socialistic riots. M. Petkof's place will be filled with great difficulty, and he was murdered at a moment when the Prince could least spare him. It has been rumoured that the Prince is to be married again in the summer, but I do not know how much truth there is in the statement. He has not visited England since the Diamond Jubilee, but then we gave him a spirited horse he was unable to manage, and he has never quite forgotten it.

* * *

A Parisian Prophetess

A prophet or prophetess whose prophecies come true is something of a novelty, and yet there is such a being in the person of Madame de Thèbes, a well-known figure in Parisian society. No mystic glamour enshrouds this modern witch's *salon*, and Madame herself is one of the most modern and up to date of women. She is a god-daughter of Alexander Dumas *fils*, and far from "the powers that be" fighting shy of the lady and her arts, she is frequently consulted by them. The police ask her aid in intricate cases, while Parisian doctors often send her their patients. She foretold the recovery of the King from the illness which overtook him at the time of his Coronation, while she announced a month before his death that President Faure would die shortly. She also predicted the Boer War, the murder of the King and Queen of Servia, and also the discovery of radium.

Most people in this country will devoutly hope that her latest prophecies will for once prove false, for in the near future she announces that the King will have to mediate in a most serious conflict between the Lords and the Commons, that many Royal Houses will be in mourning, and that the United States will have a period of misfortune, while all sorts of unpleasant things are going to take place in Germany, France, and Belgium.

Mme. de Thèbes

Famous in Parisian circles as a prophetess whose prophecies actually come true! She disdains all mystic devices, and reads the future after a method of her own

Still, though Mme. de Thèbes certainly does possess what to a lay mind appears to be supernatural powers, I think her success is mainly to be put down to her marvellous insight into character, and her ability to gauge immediately the various points of her visitors' personalities. The results thus attained, when one's powers have had long exercise in scientific application, are sufficiently startling for an exponent of these methods such as Mme. de Thèbes to claim to be a prophet indeed.

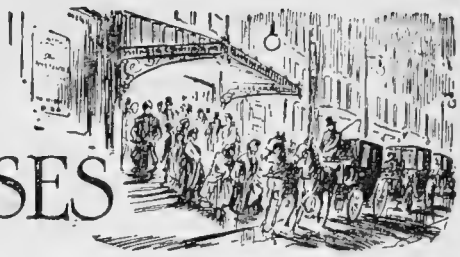
* * *

Paris in Mourning

Paris is in deep mourning. Never have I known the population of the gay city so crestfallen; and, with everybody speaking of death, disaster, and catastrophe, no wonder the world seems sad. All social functions have been postponed. M. Thomson, Minister of the Marine, M. Pichon, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the Prefect of the Seine, M. de Selves, were all to give important dinners this week; and M. Fallières' ball, which was at first put off for a week, has now been postponed till next year. The President's wife, I am told, is by no means sorry. She dislikes balls as much as receptions; in fact, she grudges the time given to anything that will distract her from her life's work—the duties of her household.

Parisians have not yet recovered from their two nights of darkness. Hardly anyone has not, in some way, at least suffered inconvenience through this odious strike. So long as the Socialists have anything to do with the governing of France, how can one feel safe? It is a curious sensation to be living in a place where such things can take place at any moment. But I am told even France is getting tired of these frequent Socialistic upheavals. England and Germany have seen fit to administer correction to this important body. Is France to follow their example, I wonder?

The PLAYHOUSES



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

"The Red Lamp" and "The Van Dyck"

The Red Lamp is a tedious and old-fashioned melodrama, but it is redeemed by the rôle of Paul Demetrius, which Mr. Tree has made one of the most forcible and amusing of his character-studies. When Mr. Tree sets out to make a character live for us he is a very painstaking artist. He does not neglect the slightest touch which will add *vraisemblance* to his portrait. Once seen, Demetrius, the old Secret Service man, is never forgotten. His shuffling walk, his trick of suddenly appearing when least expected, his unpleasant personal habits, snuffing from his waistcoat pocket, spitting into his handkerchief, the whole bearing and appearance of the man stamp themselves upon the memory of the onlooker. Mr. Yorke Stephens scores with his very life-like impersonation of the American journalist. And Mr. Herbert Grimwood's craven Russian journalist is yet another excellent character-study. But the play, regarded as an attempt to bring Nihilism and Russian High Life across the footlights, is a grotesque failure. The fault may lie with the audience, which is with difficulty induced to take stage Nihilism seriously. It may rest with the playwright for his clumsy manipulation of the subject. The fact remains that *The Red Lamp* is one of the many plays of Russian life which inspire neither awe nor terror, but a consuming desire to have done with the subject. Fortunately for the audience, their patience and forbearance were rewarded by the cleverness of *The Van Dyck*, which has been adapted from the French of Eugène Fournier Peringue by Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox. It is one of those surprise plays (as is Mr. Barrie's *Little Mary*) of which a first-night audience reap the greatest benefit. When the secret is given away the play loses some of its savour.

Recently, managers have rightly objected to the practice of some newspapers of printing the plots of plays before their production. *The Van Dyck* is a play which might well have inspired the producer to the unusual course of asking critics to refrain in their notices from giving away the secret of the *dénouement*. If I had a friend who had not read the notices of the play, I should say to him, "Go and see it, and I won't detract from your enjoyment by giving the show away." In case I have a friend, the reader who is in this happy state of ignorance, I give no account of *The Van Dyck* beyond saying that Mr. Tree, in his impersonation of a madman, made the flesh creep, but that the engagement of Mr. Weedon-Grossmith was a mistake. Mr. Grossmith is a comedian, and as Mr. Peters, into whose flat the unwelcome visitor intrudes, evoked roars of laughter. Not that Mr. Grossmith forced the comedy note. He was most quiet and restrained. But it seemed to me that quite a different Mr. Peters was wanted in order that eeriness and not merriment be the dominant note throughout the play. Else the climax fails of its full effect. It is a remarkably clever one-act play, and, for the opportunities which it gives, Mr. Tree should rank with *The Man Who Was*, which is saying a great deal.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE

"Hedda Gabler"

Last week pressure upon space compelled me to hold over mention of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Miss Constance Collier

Now playing in *The Red Lamp* at His Majesty's

matinées of Ibsen at the Court Theatre. One of the chief interests in this series of revivals is to be gained by recalling the fierce intellectual warfare which raged round Ibsen during the period of his introduction to the English stage some sixteen years ago. To read some of the epithets then applied to the Norwegian dramatist is to marvel at the sensitiveness of the public conscience at that date. True, the modern generation regards many of his plays as unpleasant, but one who stigmatised Ibsen as a corrupter of public morals would be derided for his zeal. After thinking round the subject, one is forced to the conclusion that the "cult" of Ibsen was mainly

responsible for the puritanic fervour of his opponents. The magic word "symbolism" is the key to the riddle. If his interpreters had not insisted upon his symbolism, the general public would not have engaged in seeking the hidden poison which lurked in his character and his doctrines. In a sense, Ibsen may be likened to a rare disease. For the understanding of him, specialists must be engaged skilled in diagnosis. The symbolism of Ibsen reached such a pitch that Ibsen was compelled to deny any intention of being symbolical. He suffered all his life from people who read into his plays meanings which he never intended to convey. Thus *The League of Youth* was hailed by the Conservatives as an attack upon the Liberals. It is a pure comedy, retorted Ibsen. Now that the ashes of the great controversy are cold, we may regard *Hedda Gabler* as purely and simply a drama—the tragic story of a bored, *blasé* woman of the world, who is kept in the paths of respectability by dread of scandal, but who pays the greatest price—self-destruction—for her cowardice. As a contrast to her we have Thea Elvsted, a simple and gentle creature, who flies in the face of Society and finds happiness. Satire in plenty here, but no symbolism. Hedda Gabler herself is the most complex character in the play. We understand her growing to detest the simplicity and fatuousness of her husband, George Tesman; we understand her dallying with Lövborg, with whom she had previously carried on a species of intellectual intrigue, eagerly following the salacious descriptions of his vices and dissipations; but, as Hedda Gabler progresses, she becomes so preposterous in her behaviour that one loses interest in her. Her desire to mould the destiny of a human soul excites ridicule. The burning of Lövborg's precious book is so wanton an act, and her action in handing him the pistol with which to shoot himself so high falutin', as to make us ask ourselves what these things may mean.

Mrs. Pat Campbell as the bored Hedda in the early part of the play was excellent. A weariness in her tone, a drag in her walk, a lassitude in her whole bearing, were all eloquent of Hedda Gabler's mental state. Miss Evelyn Weeden was a very earnest Mrs. Elvsted. Mr. James Hearn gave a highly finished portrait of the satyr, Judge Brack.

Photo] **Miss Ethel Ward** *[Ellis and Walery*

Who plays, with much charm, Little Em'ly in *Dan'l Peggotty*, recently produced at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith

LYRIC THEATRE

"The Little Admiral"

This production, by Messrs. Horace Hodges and T. Wigney Percyval, provokes the query: Why is it that actors, when they write plays, should incline so much to the sentimental side? But for a poor memory I could give many instances of the kind. All I can recollect is asking myself the question on many occasions, and not being able to supply the answer. Stay—a few examples occur to me. *The Old Homestead*, perhaps the most successful play of its *genre*, was the work of the actor who starred in it for so many years—Mr. James Hearne. Again, through the plays of the late Wilson Barrett there ran always a strong current of sentiment.

It would seem as though the actor who takes to the writing of plays aims at drawing tears rather than laughter from his audience, at playing upon their emotions rather than making them think. Whatever be the cause of it, the "pretty" play is often the actor-made play. It abounds in tender love-scenes calculated to bring the lump in the throat. The characters in it are distinguished by their goodness of heart. They all take after the Cheeryble Brothers.

Another reflection arises out of the new play at the Lyric. The British public at one period is all for sentiment, at another it scouts the very idea of sentiment. "Too sugary," says the playgoer, and will have none of it. Now the sentiment in *The Little Admiral*, by Messrs. Horace Hodges and T. Wigney Percyval, rings as true to me as the sentiment in *The Old Homestead*. Yet it is exceedingly doubtful whether the English play will run as many months as the American play ran years. I fear me that the times are out of joint for the plays of homely sentiment.

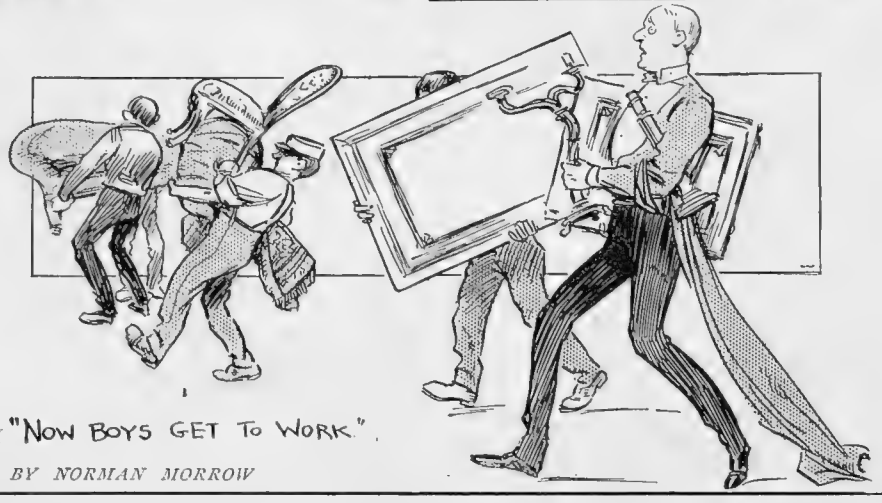
If my advice were asked by one who had collected pens, ink, and paper for the writing of a play, I should say, "Avoid 'prettiness' as you would the plague. Take an aspect or problem of modern social life and write a play around it. Let your characters be smart men and women of the world."

Still, there are all sorts of theatre publics, and for the less sophisticated *The Little Admiral* may be recommended. They will see Mr. A. E. George in a very clever study of a testy but kind-hearted old admiral; Mr. Lewis Waller as a dashing harum-scarum young naval officer, Lieutenant Anthony Addenbrooke, who is brought to take a serious view of life by the agency of a sweet woman; Miss Evelyn Millard as the angel who works this miracle. And in the telling of this simple story the authors have avoided being prolix and tedious.

E. C. S.

"The Van Dyck"

At His Majesty's Theatre.



("NOW BOYS GET TO WORK".)

SKETCHED BY NORMAN MORROW

In this weekly series of drawings, the artist, Mr. Dudley Cleaver, illustrates the career of the Gilded Youth of to-day, depicting in each picture

THE MODERN

The Gilded Youth sees his wife play at the Frivolity, where, on her marriage being known, she has, at once, been elevated from the chorus to the dignity of a star

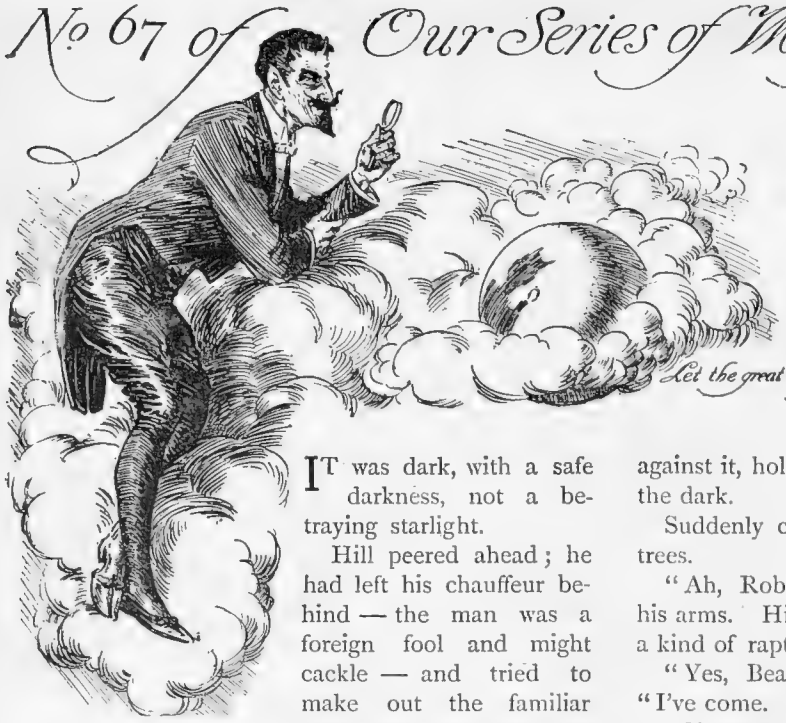
BY DUDLEY CLEAVER

SCENE THE EIGHTH

RAKE'S PROGRESS

one of the phases through which he passes on his progress through life—a "road to ruin" very different from that of his Hogarthian predecessor two centuries before

No. 67 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



Light o' Love

By R. RAMSAY

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

IT was dark, with a safe darkness, not a betraying starlight.

Hill peered ahead; he had left his chauffeur behind — the man was a foreign fool and might cackle — and tried to make out the familiar landmarks. A few seasons back he had ridden at every ugly jump in the neighbourhood; that was the winter he ended up with the worst fall he had ever had, and his people took him abroad. Since then he had hunted the other side.

He laughed slightly. If he was not mistaken, that irregular bit of blackness yonder was the very place where Jupiter stumbled on landing, flung him, and, rising first, kicked him on the head, and crumpled him up like a rabbit. That had added concussion to two or three smashed ribs, and he had been practically off his head for weeks. His people had a story of his calling day and night for an imaginary person to stoop and kiss him, and he himself, when he pulled round, weak and sensible, had been ashamed to tell how distinctly he was haunted by a pair of terrified eyes and a soft voice whispering, "Lie still, lie still, my dear." An odd thing, concussion, and how it affects a man. After all these years that fall and its hallucination started into his mind as plain as this distant ridge of hawthorn—the same, perhaps, and perhaps still rimmed with deadly wire. How suddenly that queer incident thrust itself upon him in the midst of his exhilaration—carrying its own risks also—in this night drive! He laughed, and wondered at himself for thinking of anything but the end.

His motor ran whirring past the dim hedges, with their rough, invisible fringe of grass, and slid up the sleeping village. Past the little houses, huddled together, propping themselves against each other sleepily, already hushed and lightless. Past the church, grey and threatening, with its ghostly gravestones in ranks around it. And then silently—silently—in at the Vicarage turn.

Inside the enchantress was watching for him.

She was at the staircase window, her hair shining in the darkness, her heart beating in lawless pants; and at the first faint humming in the distance she whirled downstairs, slipped the door ajar and leaned against it, holding on to it, shivering and laughing in the dark.

Suddenly close the motor swung in among the trees.

"Ah, Robbie!" she said, and flung herself into his arms. Hill kissed her and held her to him with a kind of rapture.

"Yes, Beatrice," he said, in a hoarse whisper, "I've come. You won't shut me out?"

"Shut you out?" she said. Her voice broke in reckless laughter; she hid her face in his rough fur coat and then, lifting it, pushed him in.

They stood in the shabby hall, lit dimly, but hot with its blazing fire.

"We'll have dinner first. I've waited. I could not eat," said Beatrice, dragging at his coat. "Fifine!"

Madame's French maid fluttered like a moth before them into the dining-room and lit the candles under their cherry-coloured shades. Hill faced the one witch in the world across them, and she smiled into his eyes. It went to his head. He laid his arms on the table and leaned across.

"By George!" he said. "It's real. You and I, Beatrice—you and I—at last!"

The Frenchwoman, little dark moth—she could keep a close mouth—was waiting. She stood on his left, unsmiling.

"Oh!—no, thanks," he said, half turning. "I've dined, you know. Dined with Eastshire and the rest; thought I never should get away. Told them some ridiculous lie about a bet—or a Pytchley meet—or the Lord knows what rot—and left 'em roaring after me in the yard. By George! I had to let her rip!"

"You were late," said Beatrice.

"Late?" said Hill. "As if anything on earth or in hell could make a man late when you called him! Late?—no!"

She watched his passionate eyes with hers.

"I've been in such terror," she said. "Terror! That you might get killed coming to me—that he might arrive spying—that—and it was the worst, Robbie"—she dropped her voice slightly—"that you might look at me with the vain and contemptuous smile men wear when a woman has lost her head."

Rising and flinging a smile behind her, she sailed out of the room, a glittering figure in diamonds and a trailing garment of scarlet crape. Hill walked after her into the fire-lit hall.

(Continued on page 662)

(All rights strictly reserved)

"My Darling" at the Hicks Theatre

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Miss Marie Studholme and Mr. H. A. Lytton, who are now playing in "My Darling," the new play at the Hicks Theatre

(Continued from page 660)

A huge sofa had been pulled opposite the blazing hearth, and a heavy curtain hung across the door, shutting out the night; tiger-skin rugs lay grinning about the floor.

"Here's where I sit," said Beatrice. "I can't bear the rooms, they are so small and trim and so awfully pious, though I've stacked all the Sunday-school books away out of sight upstairs. These good people let their houses cheerfully for the hunting season to us wicked folk, and escape respectably to the Riviera. They are not responsible for our crimes—oh, dear no! They come back with the cuckoo, and fumigate and hear all about us with holy horror."

She lit his cigarette from hers, and he looked round smiling. The house itself had changed its identity; it wore in every corner signs of a strange occupation; shabby still, it had become fascinating—like the witch herself. His eyes came back to her.

"Yes," she said softly. "You and I are a pair of wicked fools!"

"I'm anything you like," said Hill, tenderly. She glittered at him across the rug.

"Ah!" she said. "Ah——!" Then suddenly, "Robbie, *he's* trying to divorce me at last."

Hill started.

"What? What?" he said, dropping his cigarette.

"I'll let him, I think," said Beatrice, slowly. "I'm tired of this. There's a boy, you know—don't glare, Robbie, just an infant!—I've had him to dinner pointedly by himself, and the child adores me. I took him out in a cab once, and we drove round London in the middle of the night; it bored me sadly, but I took care the detectives saw us. Altogether, I think I've done quite enough to help him."

"Beatrice!" cried the man, whose hot love had brought him many miles to her side. She looked at him whimsically.

"Would you rather he dragged *us* before the world?" she said. "I couldn't stand that. They made me marry him. I'll make him release me. I'd stick at nothing—but I couldn't trail up to the witness-box in my latest frock and my haughtiest manner if I had to face *that*. I may be a brazen wretch, Robbie, but I think it would kill me. . . . I'm so horribly fond of you."

His arm was round her then, and she leaned against him; her fingers shook as they slipped caressingly through his hair, crisp and black.

"It will be rather funny," she said at last. "In its way unique. Since the only creature in earnest—the only creature who believes in my innocence—will be the co-respondent. I suppose when it's over the unfortunate infant will think it his duty to ask me to be his wife."

"Do you intend to do it?" asked the man. He held her tighter; she had startled him into fierceness.

"What would you like me to do?" said the enchantress, smiling at him strangely with half-shut eyes. Hill was breaking into quick speech; she had his soul almost fast in her little hands, and, with her head on his shoulder, the man was mad. But he stopped. Pride and a feeling that lay behind it arrested him in the headlong flinging of his life at her feet. And Beatrice understood.

She slipped away from his arm, swung herself on to the sofa, and lit another cigarette. Her little foot twinkled in its gay slipper, her arms glistened white against the scarlet as she rested her chin upon them, staring into the fire.

"It was a bit sudden, wasn't it?" she said, with a slight quiver in her laugh. "Lie on the rug, Robbie, and put your bad, black head against my knee. I'll read you a chapter out of a Sunday-school book to soothe you."

She reached out and picked up a shiny, black, battered volume while flicking the ash off her cigarette. Her voice was amused and scornful.

"I lit on this," she said, "when I was rummaging. It's what you call instructive. Listen."

The man listened. Half-heartedly at first, enduring her whim with the curbed impatience of one who could afford to wait: his head against her knee, his eyes half shut, smoking idly. Then, as the high voice read on, breaking now and then into sarcastic comment, he straightened himself suddenly and stretched out his hand for the book himself.

"Give me that," he said, almost fiercely.

The woman laughed and held it fast.

"No, no," she said, "it's too funny. You mustn't interrupt."

"What is it, though?" he said. "It can't——"

There was a queer glitter in her eyes. She laughed again at him.

"It's the kind of thing a girl would imagine, a baby who had never known a man in her life. I don't know why it should make you jump. You cannot pretend it shocks you."

The man looked at her as if she, woman as she was, had no understanding. How sharp and vivid her face was, with its shameless smile. Like that Jezebel might have seemed when she had tired her head and painted—surely she had worn scarlet?

"I say—shut that book," he said.

"It's good for you to listen," said Beatrice, turning the page. "Teaches a man like you what girls think before—they know you. I call it 'Innocence's diary.' Poor Innocence! How long do you think it lasted?"

"A girl like that——" said Hill, and stopped. It was odd, but that little black volume had stirred him as nothing had for years. Pure and young and simple—could a man live to find such a woman? And could a man bear to hear such a girl's thoughts profaned and mocked at by this woman's sarcastic lips?

"Shut the book," he said. He got up, impatient of her touch, and stood by the fire. "I say, Beatrice, drop that—it's sacrilege."

"Oh," she said.

There was a short silence. Outside, the night was rising, sighing round the house; inside, it was warm and red, with the night shut out, with the dark shut out, with distance and danger past. Beatrice had only to rise up and fling herself into his arms. She had thirsted for this, with a wild heart hidden as she beguiled him; and she had him at last, he loved her—almost enough. But she played with happiness as other women have played with pain. There is not a woman alive who can keep the two apart.

"I'll finish the chapter," she said, turning a few pages. "'And after that——'"

There was a strange thrill in her voice; it shook with something that might be laughter.

"——' I thought, as I watched him ride up to the fence, how straight he was, how fearless, how different

(Continued on page 664)

A Notable Revival

Photo *Bassano*

Miss Kate Cutler, who is now appearing in Mr. Tree's revival of "The Red Lamp" at His Majesty's

Playgoers will have the opportunity of seeing Miss Cutler in serious drama, a somewhat unusual occurrence, as she has for some time past been associated with the Gaiety productions

(*Continued from page 662*)

from the rest. They were all out of sight but him; they were afraid, they had ridden round. And as I watched, the horse rose black against the sky—it caught its hind legs and turned right over—and I saw it fall. I set off running, crying to myself: "Oh, God, don't let him be killed! don't let him be killed!"—but as I tore my way through the hedge he tried to get up and the horse kicked him, and he dropped on the grass and lay still. It was awful. I thought he was dead. I knelt on the grass beside him and lifted his head. . . .'"

"Touching, wasn't it?" said Beatrice in an odd tone. Hill had drawn his breath sharply, but had not spoken.

"'I looked at him. One little minute ago he had ridden past, a stranger—and now he was lying still, and my heart had stopped beating because—because I thought—this is the only man I could ever have loved, and he is a stranger, and he is dead. . . .'"

Hill, curiously pale, was gripping the mantelpiece.

"'He opened his eyes at last—kind, blue, bewildered eyes—and moved his head so that his cheek lay against my hand. His mouth closed tightly that it should not cry out with pain. He was frightfully hurt, and hardly conscious that I was holding him. I could only whisper "Lie still, my dear, lie still," softly, as if I had been his mother. . . . And at last help came, and they carried him out of my life. . . . I have never seen him since, but I never sleep without asking God to take care of him—without thinking that he is there in the great world I am ignorant of, living a clean, right life, and standing up for the weak. For the man whose head lay on my knee in the wild winter twilight, the man whose blue eyes smiled up at me in his own pain—could never wrong any man—or hurt a woman. . . .'"

Hill took one stride across the rug. His fingers closed suddenly over the scribbled pages.

"That's not print," he said.

"Print?" said Beatrice audaciously, letting him seize it. "Who do you imagine would print such stuff? I told you it was Innocence's diary; the kind of romantic drivel one would expect to find tucked out of sight in an attic."

"How dare you read it?" cried the man, hoarsely; his voice was hot with anger. She looked at him haughtily.

"My dear man, the child would be horribly flattered——"

"It's real, then?" he said, breathing hard.

There is a closed chamber in the heart of every man, and what it holds is precious, however slight a thing—a memory—an illusion. It is not often the woman he kisses who has a right to look. This man was deadly romantic under his reckless mask, and the woman's laugh turned him sick.

"You're not fit to touch it," he said, putting it out of reach.

Beatrice whirled to her feet and faced him, shaking like a leaf. All her disdain had vanished; in her eyes there was a bitterness that he, outraged, indignant, was unable to understand.

"I'm not fit!" she cried. "Oh, how like a man. You worship us like stars, but you will not leave us in the sky—we must fall and be trampled on—and then, because we have loved you, you tell us we are not fit to touch. Has it never struck you, Robbie, that *I* might have been—once—a poor innocent fool like that? That *I* might have wandered into the world and lost my soul looking for another?"

They stood close to each other, but when she laid her hand on his arm he moved back sharply. The charm was broken.

She laughed desperately in his face.

"I'm utterly bad, Robbie. False, dangerous, and a liar. You lost your head over me a bit, because I've got eyes and a smile and a kind of glamour. And now I've shocked you, have I? I've gone too far? And you turn, blindly calling for Innocence. How awfully like a man! Go, if you like, and see if you can find her."

Was that face, thin and bitter, with eyes of fire, the face that had dazzled him lately and lured him hither? Was that mouth, sarcastic, pitiless, vilely betraying a young girl's secrets, the mouth he had kissed so hotly? He turned from this woman with a disgust that was nearly horror.

"Good-night," he said.

She gasped in the midst of her laughter; her voice was high and sharp.

"Where are you going?" she cried. She who had had him last!

"Going?" said Hill, pausing vaguely. He had reached the door and was unconsciously looking round for his overcoat; he got into it slowly. Beatrice stared at him—the square shoulders, the close-cropped black head — the blue eyes that were so relentless. "Perhaps to find Innocence," he said.

She took one uncertain step towards him. The colour was coming and going in her cheek almost like a girl's, her voice was faint and eager.

"Would you like——me——to——help——you ——Robbie?"

Hill gave her one look as he left her.

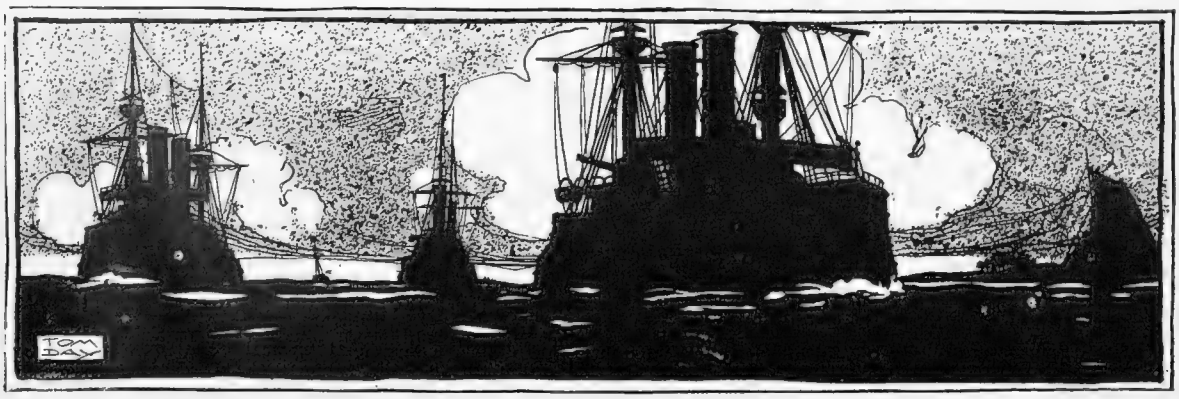
"*You?*"

The door shut. She stood petrified under that last blow of his contempt. Already she heard the dim whirring of the motor, and a darkness that was all darkness wrapped her in.

"Robbie——Robbie——" she muttered, laughing, "I'm not fit to——touch——!"

The fire reddened and died as she lay alone in trailing scarlet along the floor, with her face hidden among the pages that she had scribbled when she was young.

R. Ramsay.



Where Salmon Fishing Costs Nothing

Photo *Clarke and Hyde*

The Woody Island Pool on the Tay, which belongs to the Earl of Mansfield

Lord Mansfield throws open this piece of water to the inhabitants of Perth for fishing purposes, though a pass has to be obtained before sport can be indulged in. A great number of salmon have been taken here, and it is a contrast to most spots where salmon are caught, the high rent which has to be paid making the pastime an exceedingly expensive one

By Field, Stream & Covert.

TO OUR READERS

We are always very glad to receive photographs of interest to hunting people to publish in the "Field, Stream, and Covert" pages, and for all photographs we reproduce, either a quarter or half-page size, we shall pay **5s.**, *and* **10s. 6d.** *for those used over this size. Photographs, which should be silver prints, must have been taken this season, and each print must bear the sender's name and address, besides full particulars as to when and where it was taken*

Hunting in Easter Week

The near approach of April reminds us that the hunting season has not much longer to run. In some countries where there are not too many foxes, like the East Essex, and in others where local circumstances demand an early stop, the cards bearing the legend "to finish the season" are already being sent out. But in most places hunting will go on until the middle of April this year, and, of course, in certain moorland districts, where there are few agricultural interests to consider, there will be the usual attempt to kill a May fox. In any case, there is always plenty of good sport to be had with hounds in Easter week, for the weather is more settled than at any period of the season, and those dog-foxes which have survived the perils of the chase since October may usually be relied upon to break cover quickly and give long points. Then, again, hunting people can derive plenty of amusement at the back-end of the season from the point-to-point races, which are very numerous in Easter week.

Point-to-Point Races

On Monday next races are to be run in connection with the Rufford Hunt and the High Peak Harriers; on the following day the Heythrop, New Forest, Wilton, Stevenstone, and Wells Subscription Harriers have arranged fixtures; while the Carmarthenshire, Cheshire, Crawley and Horsham, Meynell, Morpeth, Tynedale, Pembrokeshire, West Kent, and Worcestershire Hunts all bring off their point-to-points on Wednesday, April 4. It is sometimes asked whether point-to-point racing is as good as it was in the old days; whether, in other words, it is not becoming too artificial and more like steeplechasing than genuine hunt racing. The indictment is true in a good many cases; but times have changed since racing between the flags first started, and it is difficult under modern conditions to preserve the pristine simplicity of the sport. There is, by the way, to be a House of Commons' Point-to-Point Race this year, such keen sportsmen-legislators as Mr. Walter Long, Mr. F. B. Mildmay, Lord Dalmeny, and Mr. John Fuller having all the arrangements in hand. The race will be run in the Warwickshire country on Saturday of next week.

Hunters and Thoroughbreds

In these crowded days of sporting events it seems rather a far cry back to the hunter and thoroughbred stallion show at Islington, but no opportunity occurred to refer to this excellent display in these pages last week. I thought the young hunter stock particularly good, and thoroughly characteristic of the valuable work which is being accomplished by the Hunters' Improvement Society. The hunters in the riding classes were just an average collection, and once again Mr. J. H. Stokes and Mr. John Drage carried away the chief honours. Both display wonderful judgment in getting hold of young horses and teaching them show-ring manners. So successful have they been, indeed, that the very name of Stokes or Drage in the catalogue has a tendency to frighten away other exhibitors. It is rather a pity that these big hunter dealers should carry so much before them at the shows, thereby crowding out the average owner; but I suppose it is inevitable, the only remedy that I can suggest being the establishment

Photo] **The Old Bridge at Perth, from which one may watch the salmon swimming up stream** [*Clarke and Hyde*

On this bridge, which is over 400 years old, a blind angler, Mr. Edward Webb, used to walk backwards and forwards with a hand-line and catch salmon, asking passers-by to take them off his line. As many as a hundred salmon spawn under this bridge alone

With the Puckeridge Hounds: On the way to the meet at Hadham

of a new class from which professional dealers should be debarred. Even that would be difficult, for how few people who own horses are not dealers in some way, however modest? I was not smitten with the thoroughbred sires, and if the Government desire to get better horses about the country they will have to increase the miserable dole which is at present distributed by the Royal Commission on Horse-Breeding. Here and there some exceptionally good stallions were observed, and I considered the best of all was Foundling, who is a son of Trenton. Other premium winners well known to racing people were Roe O'Neill, Vendale, Pollion, Curio, and Court Ball.

Puckeridge Plough

The man who all his life had been accustomed to the broad grasslands and bullfinches of Leicestershire would, no doubt, feel horribly out of place if he came to hunt with the Puckeridge, especially if his hunters were of that big, leggy type so often seen in the Shires. Both horse and rider would be unfitted for this country of banks and ditches and everlasting plough, where your hunter must be strong and short on the leg and as clever as a polo pony. But, whatever might be thought of the country by the Nimrod spoilt by oceans of pasture, it is certain that Puckeridge ranks high among the hunting districts of Essex and Hertfordshire. Hounds hunt four days a week on the borders of those counties, touching as well on Cambridgeshire; and when there is no lack of moisture the ploughs hold a good scent, followers then having all they can do to live with the pack. The Puckeridge have a big following, and Mr. E. Barclay, who succeeded Mr. L. J. Bathurst eleven years ago, hunts the country to everyone's satisfaction on a guarantee of £2,000 annually. The Hailsham Harriers, also to be seen among our illustrations, are hunted on foot in the marshes of their corner of Sussex, but are ridden to when they go on the Downs

Some of the followers at a meet of the Puckeridge Hunt at Hadham

This pack, of which Mr. E. Barclay has been Master for the last eleven years, hunts over a district in Essex and Hertfordshire, most of which is plough

Mr Alexander Campbell is the present Master. The pack includes some of the old-fashioned blue-mottled hounds, and its history goes back a long way.

The Capping Question

Once again this has come prominently to the front in the Shires. As my readers know, Arthur Thatcher, acknowledged to be the best huntsman of the day in the grass countries, goes from the Cottesmore to Mr. Fernie's Hunt next season. Many people declare they will follow him there, and such a demand for houses and other quarters in the Market Harborough district for next season has accrued that Mr. Fernie's Hunt Committee see trouble ahead in the shape of largely increased fields of horsemen. What, then, is to be done? A duty is owed to the farmers as well as to the old members of the Hunt. Shall subscriptions be raised? Or will the establishment of a substantial "cap" meet the difficulty? It is stated that the latter alternative is now under earnest consideration. Hitherto Mr. Fernie's Hunt Committee have been antagonistic to the idea of capping, and if they adopt the system now, it will mean an entire change of front.

The Position in Mr. Fernie's Country

It may be recalled that a few years ago the representatives of the Quorn, Cottesmore, Belvoir, and Mr. Fernie's Hunts foregathered to discuss the vexed question. The first two, together with the Pytchley, adopted capping, but the others refused to come into line. Sometimes, owing to local stoppages, Mr. Fernie's Hounds have been favoured with the presence of a goodly number of horsemen from neighbouring Hunts, and on these occasions the non-subscribers are usually unmercifully chaffed about paying. But there the matter has ended. Hitherto the general opinion among the Fernie people has been that mutual courtesy should enable hunting men to have a day with each other without payment. But the prospects of vastly overcrowded fields may lead them to modify that opinion. We have been told that the Belvoir Committee also have in contemplation the adoption of capping. This is rather surprising, as with the Duke of Rutland's Hounds there has not seemed to be the same necessity for taxing strangers as with the neighbouring packs. On the whole I think that capping has had the good effect of increasing the subscription lists in those countries where it has been practised, but the secretary of one of the most fashionable packs once told me that, so far as his experience went, the levy brought in so little and created so much friction, especially from ladies, that it was not worth the trouble.

A. W. C.

The Thoroughbred and Hunter Show at Islington: Awarding the King's Premium

The judges for the stallions this year were the Hon. George Lambton, the successful Newmarket trainer; Colonel Sprot, the Master of the Fife Foxhounds; and Mr. W. Dunne, an Irish authority on horses

The Polo Pony Society

The Polo Pony Society's recent annual dinner was well attended, among the speakers being Mr. Tresham Gilbey, the retiring president, who was in the chair; the Marquis of Tullibardine (the president-elect), Viscount Valentia, M.P., Viscount Helmsley, M.P., Captain E. D. Miller and his brother, Mr. George Miller, and Mr. Buckmaster. In proposing prosperity to the Society, Lord Valentia said he considered that what racing had done for the horse, polo had done for ponies. Mr. Gilbey said, what they as pony-breeders wanted was to find a better outlet for their misfits, and he hoped that the Government would see their way to make them a grant, such as paying £40 for a 14.3 pony suitable for light cavalry and Yeomanry.

A Meet at Pevensey Castle

Photo *Coster*

A Meet of the Hailsham Harriers at the historic ruins at Pevensey

This old-established pack are usually hunted on foot, but are ridden to when they go on the Downs. On the left is Mr. Alexander Campbell, who has been Master of the pack since 1902 .

The Show at Islington

Mr. Gilbey and his father-in-law, Mr. John Barker, M.P., must be congratulated upon their triumphant career at the eighth annual show of the Society at the Agricultural Hall, for they carried all before them, gaining in all thirty-two prizes. The show generally was very successful this year, and the all-round quality of the ponies shown was excellent. There were capital entries in the riding classes, and Mr. Gilbey's six-year old Black Susan and Mr. J. D. Gouldsmith's four-year-old Judy were both particularly good ponies, while Mr. Mumford's thoroughbred stallion Spanish Hero, by the St. Leger winner Kilwarlin, out of Spanish Maiden by the Derby winner Merry Hampton, is the best pony ever seen out in this class. But few mountain or moorland ponies were shown this time, as many of the prizes given formerly have been transferred to the local district shows, but a great novelty, which attracted much attention, were the two Sumatra ponies exhibited by Mr. H. Stansfield Collier, the well-known surgeon. Bred by the hill tribesmen of the Battak Hills in Sumatra and sometimes known as Deli ponies, these thickset little animals average about 12 hands, and, although they have poor shoulders and withers, are very powerful. They have almost entirely lost their original type from crossing with imported Arabs. The two shown are imported four-year-old stallions, Ruby, a bay, standing 11.2½, and Sultan, a black pony, being exactly 12 hands. L. V. L. S.

Photo *Reid*

A Beautiful Pergola at Sir James Blyth's Seat at Stanstead, Essex

The chief points in the management of pergolas are to get them covered with flowers all over and not merely at the top, and to prolong the flowering season as much as possible

GARDEN NOTES

The Vogue of the Pergola

In England we value the pergola less for its shade in summer than they do in Italy, the country from which we borrowed the idea, but here, as there, where it exists, it must have a *raison d'être*. If it begins and ends, so to speak, in the air—if it is not really a passage from some definite place to another—its artificiality offends the eye, and any beauties it may possess pass unnoticed. But rightly placed, and rightly managed, a pergola is a great attraction, whether roses alone are employed in covering it, as in Sir James Blyth's grounds at Stanstead, or whether they are combined with other climbers. The two chief points in their management are to get them covered with flowers all over, and not merely at the top, and to prolong the flowering season as much as possible. There are many roses which flower only once—in June and July; there are others which flower in autumn as well, and sometimes more or less continuously during the intervening period. For a pergola, that which belong to the latter should have the preference. But these again may be divided into three groups—roses which flower all the way up the shoots, roses which flower mainly at the top, and dwarf roses which flower low down. Any in the first group may be used alone for pergolas, but the two last groups should be combined. The National Rose Society placed in the first group, Climbing Aimée Vibert, Longworth Rambler, Madame A. Carrière, and Paul's Single White; in the second, Alister S. Gray, Gloire de Dijon, Ophirie, and Rêve d'Or; and in the third, Gloire Lyonnaise, Gruss an Teplitz, Gustave Regis, and L'Idéal. Others are mentioned, but these will be sufficient. They are all, it must be remembered, classed as perpetual flowers.

Rose Pruning

It is not enough, however, to plant the right roses; they must have attention afterwards—in the present month especially, for such pruning as may be necessary should be done now, but with discretion. An ignorant gardener, turned loose with a pair of shears, will do more harm in half an hour than can be repaired in a year. The less many varieties of climbing roses—for example, Ophirie and Rêve d'Or—are cut the better. In the case of many others, such as Longworth Rambler and Gustave Regis, the pruning should be confined to the removal of dead wood and the thinning out of the older shoots to make room for younger. Gloire de Dijon and other varieties which, like it, throw up long, strong shoots—for instance, Bouquet d'Or—may be cut harder, the strongest shoots shortened to seven or eight feet, and the others still further reduced in length so as to provide plenty of young growth low down. If at the same time some of the older wood is brought down and trained along near the base, there will be no danger that the flowers will be all at the top. But excessive neatness is neither necessary nor advisable. A pergola looks far better when the plants are allowed to ramble over it naturally. H. C. Davidson.

Polo Ponies at Islington

SOME FEATURES OF THE SHOW

Mr. H. Stansfield Collier's Ruby

One of the Sumatra ponies which are now for the first time exhibited in this country

Sultan, a Sumatra Pony

These Sumatra, or Battak, ponies have a strain of Arab blood in them, and, to quote an authority, "have handsome heads set on high-crested necks, are full of spirit, and are simply balls of muscle"

Champion Stallion

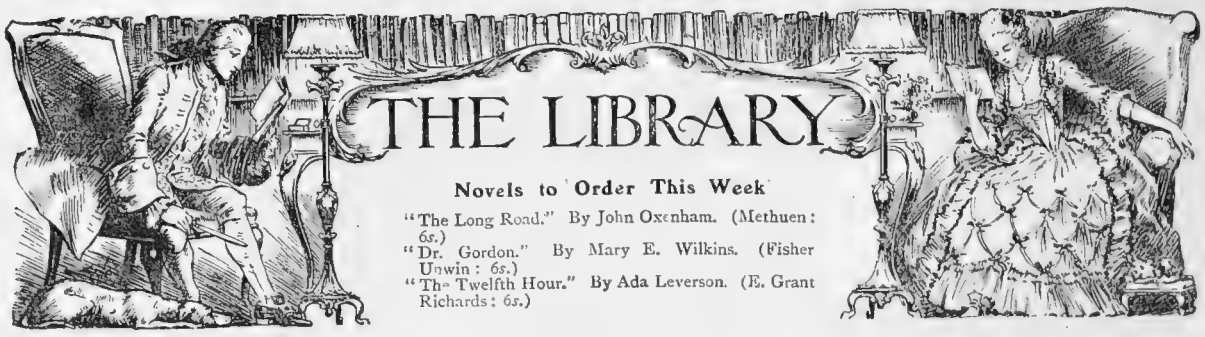
Mr. Stephen Mumford's Spanish Hero

Champion Mare

Mrs. John Barker's Silver Star

JUDGING POLO PONIES BETWEEN FIVE AND SIX YEARS OLD

The Eighth Annual Show of the Polo and Riding Pony Society at the Agricultural Hall was very successful, and the all-round quality of the ponies was excellent. Mr. Tresham Gilbey (the retiring President of the Society, and son of Sir Walter Gilbey), with his father-in-law, Mr. John Barker, M.P., carried all before them, winning between them thirty-two prizes



THE LIBRARY

Novels to Order This Week

"The Long Road." By John Oxenham. (Methuen: 6s.)
"Dr. Gordon." By Mary E. Wilkins. (Fisher Unwin: 6s.)
"The Twelfth Hour." By Ada Leverson. (E. Grant Richards: 6s.)

A Too Kind-Hearted Novelist

If Mr. John Oxenham has a literary fault, it is one that must be counted to him a human virtue—he is rather too warm-hearted. In this, his intentions are excellent. He wishes, at all costs, to avoid harrowing the reader's feelings. He is merciful to the villains of his books to an extent which is almost superhuman. For instance, here is *The Long Road* (Methuen: 6s.). It is a story of vast Siberia. Told with a splendid descriptive power by a man who knows the country and its people, it is a story calculated to arouse a deep desire for the hideous doom of one man. Ruling, with a rod of iron, over the province of Irkutsk is one Paschkin. Paschkin is a type of Governor compared with whom a Vladimir or a Trepoff were a veritable Campbell-Bannerman of benevolence. To call him Machiavellian is to apply a milk and water phrase. His rule is one of gratuitous devilry.

The Brutality of Paschkin

Reading what Paschkin has done, and the sinister brutalities to which he has submitted all the nice people in the book, one feels positively cheated when Mr. Oxenham, in an outburst of kindness of heart, lets him escape from retribution just as it is dangling over him because—because of the face of a "leetle che-hild." Paschkin has, on a trivial pretext, torn from the bosom of his family, and banished, one Stepak Iline. Not only may he never again enter the province wherein lies his home and happiness, his wife and children, but neither may he remain anywhere else for a longer period than ten days at a stretch. In fact, Stepak is doomed undeserved, not merely to a life of exile, but to a life of "moving on" over the illimitable steppes. Stepak so far mitigates his punishment as to smuggle his wife and family out of Irkutsk, and to get them to share his wandering exile. But it kills them. After hideous sufferings from hunger, disease, and wolf-packs, they, one after the other, die. Stepak becomes bedevilled, and vows to kill Paschkin with a series of axe-blows, one for himself, one for his wife, one for each of his children. He dogs down the sleigh which carries the villain to promotion in Petersburg, till he finds himself alone with his oppressor, his death-dealing axe upraised. Then, a face—the face of a little child nestling in the bosom of the arch-fiend, a face which recalls that of Stepak's own dead child, Katenka. The sight of the face stays his avenging hand, and Paschkin escapes his just doom.

Cheating the Gentle Reader

What I complain of is that Mr. Oxenham has obtained my interest in his book on false pretences. If ever I loathed and detested a fictitious fellow-creature, I did Paschkin. I travelled over the steppes for hours and hours with Stepak the Exile, I suffered his hunger, I shed tears over the sufferings of his little ones, I helped Stepak drive off the baying wolf-packs—looking forward all the time to that grand moment when I (and Stepak) should, together, land old Paschkin and axe him, and cause the snow for acres round to be diluted with his brutal gore. That Paschkin meets his death, later, at the hands of Cossacks is little consolation. I wanted to kill him myself (*i.e.* I wanted Stepak to kill him), and I regard myself as duped when, just for the face of little Katenka (which appears as the frontispiece), I am deprived of this perfectly natural and healthy desire. Mr. Oxenham really ought to cure his literary self of this inordinate sensitiveness to the appeal of little-girl-eyes. It is corruptive of his style.

A Medical Story

Mary E. Wilkins, whose new novel, *Dr. Gordon*, is published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, is, of course, better known in the United States than over here, and I can readily imagine that she is a household word in her native State of Massachusetts. Her simplicity of style, and clever narrative knack, however, should win her a niche over here. In *Dr. Gordon*—I may be wrong in suggesting—she has made considerable use of the fact that she is a doctor's wife, for the story deals with the secrets of the laboratory in a way which must have required expert investigation. The hero is a New Jersey practitioner (even as is Mary E. Wilkins's husband), and is, really, rather a lovable character (here, I hope, equally a portrait from life). Awkwardly, however, his wife has the morphine habit badly—so badly, in fact, that, to cover up the fact, Dr. Gordon has had to resort to the subterfuge of posing her as his sister. In the background of the story is the mysterious figure of one Merdon, a fiend in human guise, possessed of the diabolical power of fascinating women. I cannot reveal all the various ways in which he seeks to manifest that power. He is, however, the terror of the book, and the task of protecting one of the lady characters, Miss Clemency, from his fiendish overtures, enables the hero, young Dr. Eliot, assistant to Dr. Gordon, to win his spurs in love. The hero in question is quite a nice model young man,

whom we take to from the opening chapters—in which, at great length and in quaint monosyllables, his excellent qualities are set forth—to the end, where his actions meet with their due reward. For the rest, I cannot do better than quote the publisher's description, which is entirely accurate: "The book is full of weird incidents and unexpected complications; its ending is tragic, but humour and kindly satire abound; and much of the interest depends on a curiously uncommon and delicately told love story."

Miss Jane Wardle and the Name of Jane

I have put my foot very considerably into it. The author of *The Artistic Temperament*, which I reviewed last week, Miss Jane Wardle, writes:—

Whilst thanking you for your too flattering notice of my novel, *The Artistic Temperament*, I wish at the same time to enter my humble protest against your contemptuous reference to my christian name. I was not previously aware that such a detail came within the critic's province. May I point out I was not consulted in the choice of my name—nor can I summon up any feeling of regret at bearing one which was borne by my mother and grandmother before me. At the same time I am sorry, for the sake of your reviewer, that I was not christened "Anabella," "Dulcibella," or some other prænomen which would have appealed with equal force to a person of his romantic temperament.

My humiliation at my error is only equalled by my intense satisfaction at being able to announce, exclusively, that "Jane Wardle" is real, and earnest, and *not*, as I rashly assumed, but the pseudonym of some mischievous male. Let me, however, add that, in suggesting that it was "incredible that the novel in question could have come from a lady named Jane," I had not the least intention in the world of being contemptuous. Like Miss Wardle, my own pedigree will be found to be richly studded with Janes, and the name is one for which I have, since cradlehood, entertained the liveliest respect, not unmingled with fear. My dissociating the name with such a book as *The Artistic Temperament* was merely another proof of this inherent respect for the name, which seemed to me to be but ill-fitted for such close acquaintance with the modern young-man standpoint as the author therein betrays. As for my wishing Miss Wardle had been christened "Anabella" or "Dulcibella"—dear, dear, that she should think me so un-Christian!

A Very New Novel

Society is the theme of Mrs. Ada Leverson's bright and sparkling first novel, *The Twelfth Hour* (E. Grant Richards). Certainly, both in characterisation and dialogue, she proves herself to be well acquainted with Mayfair's *dernier cri*, as the fashion experts would put it. Like one of her characters, the dandy Bertie Wilton, she is so very much *dans le mouvement* that she would seem "to have a contempt for any ideas, however valuable, that had been suggested earlier than, say, yesterday afternoon. . . . Frivolous, but always interesting. . . . Could talk about anything—and did." The story moves in and out of Mayfair drawing-rooms and boudoirs, restaurants, studios, and places respectively of amusement and atonement, like the Opera and Madame Tussaud's. The period of the story is April, 1907—during the holidays, in fact, of Savile Crofton, the principal character, a sixteen-year-old Etonian cynic—who has, among other things, a pretty married sister.

VIVIAN CARTER.

Mr. John Oxenham

The popular and brilliant novelist, who displays an amazingly kind heart in his new Siberian novel, *The Long Road* (Methuen: 6s.).

(See previous page)

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Golf, Cricket and Lawn Tennis

A few weeks ago, I touched lightly on the relationship and inter-influence of golf and cricket. The conclusion I came to was that it is practically impossible to compare two games which start from opposite poles; the one, cricket, having to deal with a ball that is moving; and the other, golf, with one that is stationary at the moment of impact. Further, I held that it is impossible to draw inferences from one game to the other, or to extract from the strokes of the one game helping hints and wrinkles for the benefit of the other. By this I mean that a cricketer cannot get any help out of his mastery of cricket for the science of golf, and *vice versâ*. But this is not to say that the man who has played cricket and other games will not have a pull over another man who comes to golf without previous aptitude or practice in any other game whatever.

Advantages of Athletic Education

The man who, in his boyhood or youth, has played all the games which form the major part of the curriculum of athletic education (I had almost said education alone) at our schools and universities must, by the nature of things, be able to adapt himself more quickly to the requirements of golf than he who has spent a miserable boyhood and youth on a hard office stool to the exclusion of all games whatever. I can cite the case of my own father, who took to golf when he was past fifty, and who had never had the leisure for the games of early boyhood and youth. He was never able to acquire any game which brought him within the range of a match with any even extremely long-handicapped player. Once, at St. Andrews, a caddie carrying for me informed me at the fifth tee that he often used to carry for my father. Pointing to Walkinshaw's grave, a well-known hazard some eighty yards from the tee, he said, in broad Doric, "Yere feyther offered me five poun if I would learrn him to carry yon bunker." Then, after a pause, he added, in melancholy tones, "I never earrned the money."

How Do Games Influence Each Other?

But, though the comparison of cricket, lawn tennis, and golf with one another be, in my estimation, but an idle speculation, yet there is an infinitely fascinating subject of inquiry in the influence exercised by these games on each other in the case of a man who plays them, so to speak, simultaneously. What bearing, deleterious or otherwise, has any one of these games on the other? Can they be played at full pressure by one man throughout a season without his play in one game or the other being hurt? So far as lawn tennis is concerned, it would look as though golf had a deteriorating influence, judging by the recent defeat of the champion, Mr. H. L. Doherty, by Mr. Ritchie at Monte Carlo. How great a share must be assigned for this result to the growing keenness for golf on the part of Mr. Doherty, and consequent desertion of the courts for the links, is a difficult matter to decide. No doubt, Mr. Doherty, having reigned supreme at lawn tennis for many years, and having reached a pitch of excellence which he cannot improve, has found a zest in golf naturally lacking to him in the other game. He has set himself to master a most intricate game, and is striving to reach the same high standard which he acquired in the game which must always be inseparably connected with his name.

The Deleterious Effect of Lawn Tennis

But what I would like to hear from him is his opinion as to the influence exerted by one game on the other. Does golf make a man slower in his physical activity for lawn tennis? Does the stationary ball affect his quickness of eye for the moving one? Conversely, does not the strain on the right fore-arm, coupled with the relative idleness of the left arm, exercise a pernicious effect when the tennis player comes within a day of hard lawn tennis to a game of golf? My colleague, Mr. Scrivener, may be able to throw valuable light on this interesting subject out of his personal experience. Speaking for my poor self, I find that lawn tennis is completely destructive of my golf, and a few days of hard tennis means a considerable period of bad golf, more particularly in the short game, though the long game does not go scatheless. This may be accounted for by the fact of an injury to my right arm, which is always brought out acutely by tennis. An afternoon's lawn tennis makes it impossible for me to get a free follow through the next few days at golf, while putting and approaching become an agonising farce. But I do not wish to examine the subject from my own point of view, which is that of the lame duck, but from that of the physically sound man who has never suffered from golf or tennis elbow.

I should much like, therefore, to hear the views of experts on the subject which I have discussed above, a far more profitable subject of discussion in my opinion than a mere comparison of games which in reality cannot be compared with each other.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

THE EASTER HOLIDAYS

Most readers of THE BYSTANDER will be moving about from place to place during the Easter Holidays, so that they should not forget that THE BYSTANDER insures them for £2,000 against accidents in the United Kingdom, while it is the only journal in existence which also issues a policy for £1,000 covering sea risks in any part of the world. Subscribers for six or twelve months are insured automatically, while others only have to sign the coupon

Profits of the Bar

There is some misconception as to the profits of successful barristers, whether silk or stuff gownsmen. One is constantly hearing of the princely incomes formerly earned by such men as Sir Henry Hawkins and Sir Charles Russell, and there seems to be an idea that many prominent K.C.'s are in much the same position, or at any rate that, when they accept judgeships at £5,000 a year, they are submitting to a considerable sacrifice of income for the sake of increased leisure and an ultimate pension. Except in a few instances, this is quite a mistake. Even a leader in large practice finds that £100 a week takes a great deal of making, and that, multipled by the thirty-eight weeks of the legal year, makes under £4,000, while a junior who makes £1,000 a year is a busy man. Of course, there are occasional plums, such as Society divorce cases, bogus gold mines, and Indian Rajahs accused of getting rid of inconvenient relatives by filling them with red pepper, but there are not enough to go round, and the last type of client has recently disappeared before the advance of Western civilisation.

Photo Elliott and Fry

Lord Coleridge, K.C.

Who is regarded by the Bar as the most likely candidate for promotion to the Bench when the next vacancy for a Common Law Judge arises

Solicitors Who Do Not Pay Up

From these figures a liberal deduction must be made for bad debts. The litigant who is called upon to draw a cheque just before his case comes on probably envies his counsel for possessing a ready-money business, yet those fees often take an unconscionably long time in reaching their proper owner. The great majority of solicitors pay either on the spot or at regular intervals, quarterly, or half yearly, but there is a numerous class—for the most part flourishing alas! like the green bay tree—who make a practice of keeping the money as long as they can, sometimes for several years, and eventually compromise the matter for a smaller sum. Thus the client pays, say, £50 in 1904, the solicitor has the use of the money for three years, and then pays £40 to counsel in 1907. Not infrequently they manage to avoid payment altogether, and there is one solicitor in large practice who is reputed to owe the Bar at least £5,000. It is the struggling barrister who suffers most, for the big man can afford to refuse to undertake a case for these gentlemen until their cheque has been given and met. Their conduct is naturally reprobated by the body of their profession, and the Law Society deals strenuously with them when it can find them out, but they are difficult to catch.

The Solicitor-Barrister

Another cause which has led to a diminution of the incomes of the junior Bar is the invention of the solicitor-barrister. A firm of solicitors with a litigious business, who pay several hundreds a year in fees to counsel, have a junior partner who is, perhaps, a shining light in his local debating society. He thinks that his talents are wasted in an office, and that he is marked out for a forensic career, and accordingly joins the Bar, being assured of a start by a promise of the work of his firm and possibly that of one or two friends as well. Occasionally he proves to have a real talent for his new profession, and succeeds, but, not having been brought up in the proper school, nine times out of ten he is a failure, gains no new clients, and earns less than he would have done in the office. But he prevents the work of his old firm from going to better men, for, unless he is hopelessly incompetent, his former partners are reluctant for charity's sake to deprive him of what is, perhaps, his only means of livelihood.

Homer's Nods

Those who think that if our judges were good enough there would be no necessity for Appeal Courts fail to take into account the occasional lapses to which even the greatest minds are subject. Dr. Dakhyl's libel action against *Truth* was a good instance of these Homeric nods, for there the Lord Chief Justice, usually one of the most careful of men, interpreted the meaning of the expression, "quack," to the jury instead of leaving them to do their own construing, and consequently the plaintiff's verdict was set aside and a new trial ordered. Incidentally, it is not altogether satisfactory to see a decision of such men as Lord Collins and Lord Justice Mathew, upon a point of English law, reviewed before a House of Lords containing only one English lawyer, the Lord Chancellor. Fortunately, both Courts agreed; but, if they had not, most people would think that the weight of authority was in the lower tribunal.

The Cambridge Style in Rowing

The style of the Cambridge crews which beat Oxford and Harvard last year and Oxford again this year has aroused a great deal of hostile criticism on account of some peculiarities which it did possess and many others which it did not. As described by the gentlemen who call themselves "Our Rowing Expert" or "Old Blue" in the daily Press, it consisted of no catch at the beginning of the stroke, a hard pull in the middle, a jerk at the end, and a total absence of swing; but this is almost entirely nonsense. As a matter of fact, their swing was as long as that of the average 'Varsity crew of recent years, though not quite so good as some of the very best, the stroke was pulled through in one piece, and the supposed jerk was due to the fact that their sliding was exceptionally good, and, consequently, they were able to use their legs hard to the very end of the stroke. But the beginning was certainly unusual. The blades were smartly covered, and the work came on at once at full pressure, but the hard smack behind the rigger, which has become traditional in this country, was conspicuous by its absence. That was the one respect in which they differed from other good crews, and their style can be shortly summed up by describing it as pair-oared, and not eight-oared, rowing.

Is it Effective?

Criticisms based on mere sentimental and æsthetic grounds are not worth serious consideration; and one might well ask why a style which is admittedly the best in a sculling-boat, a pair, or a four should not be equally effective in an eight; but the practical objection is taken that the new style is only good for sprinting, and it is pointed out, quite truly, that all the crews mentioned were very fast over the first part of the course, but that in each case their opponents gained on them towards the end. I should hesitate to draw any such deduction from these three races. In the first place, Cambridge won them all pretty easily, and it is not in human nature to make the same exertions at the end of the course, when one's opponents are held safe, that one does at the beginning, when the issue is still doubtful. Then, in this year's race, Cambridge, from Chiswick nearly to the finish, were in slack water under the bank, while Oxford were well out in rough water, but with a strong spring tide to help them. In the Harvard race Mr. Muttlebury was in the same position as the trainer of a horse with a doubtful leg, for owing to accidents and the staleness of some of the men, he could not give the crew a proper preparation, and was obliged to train them to sprint to Hammersmith and then hang on as best they could. The question can only be determined by experience, and as yet there are not enough data.

A Serious Objection

But the new style is quite unsuited to novices. One of the principal functions of the hard smack is to mark the rhythm of the stroke and provide a means for getting the men together with which only experienced oarsmen can afford to dispense. Almost every rowing man at Oxford and Cambridge who does not

Photo *Gale and Polden*

The Military Sports at Sandhurst: The start for the Donkey Race

The race was won by Mr. F. Nicholson's Suffragette, by Policeman out of Lobby. Mr. Nicholson (tastefully attired in a dressing-gown) and his steed can be seen in the middle of the row between the Pierrot and the "girl"

International Hockey: The English Team

England beat Ireland by five goals to nil in the match at Bromley recently. A well-known umpire said that the play of the English forwards and half-backs surpassed anything he had seen before

hail from Eton, Radley, or Bedford, is a novice during his career at the 'Varsity, and if College crews are to be trained in this way, we shall probably see some very bad rowing at Henley.

The Advance of Hockey

There is no doubt that during the season which is now drawing to a close hockey has established more firmly than ever its right to a position among leading English games. Not only has the number of its votaries increased, but a considerable advance has been made in the science of the game itself, so that, in order to play it well, a very high standard both of physical fitness and skill has to be reached. A well-known umpire, whose criticisms are always reliable, told me the other day that in the England *v.* Ireland International the play of the English forwards and half-backs surpassed anything he had ever seen before, and he added that in England there are so many really fine players knocking about that the difficulty in choosing an International team is to know whom to leave out. Of course, I am aware that it is possible to pick holes in the game and to say that the rules as to obstruction, turning on the ball, body-play, and so forth are hard to administer, and that the game offers inducements to a player to sail as near to the wind as he dare, but I could name other games of much older and more revered origin which are open to the same objection; and I have noticed this about hockey, that the more skilful a player becomes, the less liable is he to infringe the rules, and that, even where involuntary lapses sometimes occur (mainly through excessive keenness), the prevailing spirit is mostly one of absolute fairness. In short, the game is one in which real science pays better than mere craftiness, and in which the example set by the best players is one which can be admired as well as followed. Another thing about hockey is that its organisation is good. If a rising player wants to come to the front, the way is not made so hard for him as it is at some games, and it is usually his own fault if he doesn't get there. From a spectacular point of view hockey may, perhaps, compare unfavourably with football, because the British public loves a game in which the players "go for" each other in a manner more or less suggestive of personal conflict, and into which the element of danger figures somewhat largely; but, all the same, the vogue of lawn tennis (to give the best instance of several) has shown that a really fine game, which calls for exceptional skill combined with physical endurance, though it may not involve any serious risk of danger to life or limb, can become very popular as a spectacle, and hockey is rapidly acquiring, if it has not already acquired, a similar reputation.

Sandhurst Sports

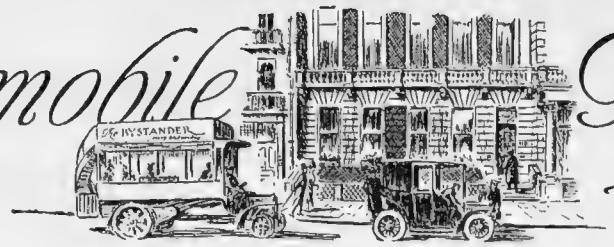
The R.M.C. Sports at Sandhurst are always one of the most enjoyable of athletic meetings, and not even the weather, bad though it was, was able to spoil this year's gathering. L. R. Messum gained the highest individual score with a win in the hundred and the high jump and a second in the long jump, besides only missing a win in the hurdles, too, through an unlucky fall at the last hurdle when he was leading by five or six yards. B. C. T. Paget also ran well in the mile and two miles, both of which he won in good time.

Photos *Graphic Photo Agency*

International Hockey: The Irish Team

Undoubtedly, during the past season hockey has established more firmly than ever its position among the leading games of to-day

Automobile Topics



By COMYNS BEAUMONT

A New Single-Cylinder Car

One of the most daringly original new cars that has been seen for some time is the Sizaire 8 h.-p. single-cylinder, price £178 10s., for which Messrs. Jarrott and Letts, of 45, Great Marlborough Street, have been appointed sole agents in England. Most of the technical papers have devoted long articles, with full explanatory illustrations, to the subject, but it is impossible, with the space at my disposal, to enter very fully into a description. I am enabled, however, by the courtesy of the editor of *The Motor*, to publish drawings of the Sizaire ash wood frame, with rear axle-spring, a section of the engine, and the novel combined front axle and cross-frame member, which will give the reader a clearer perception of these designs than photographs could do. These points, all unusual and bold as they are, do not by any means exhaust the fresh departures in this car. As my excellent contemporary *The Motor* remarks, "It is daringly original in the sense that, having an engine, four wheels, and a differential, the remainder of the design is in a class by itself." Briefly enumerated, the main features of the Sizaire are as follows: (1) Frame of ash timbers, with the sides strengthened by steel plates; (2) no front cross-bar in the frame, its place being taken by the raised front axle; (3) the axle designs most ingenious and clever; (4) engine containing a pair of fly-wheels in the crank chamber; (5) thermo-syphon circulation through a series of vertical tube radiators without any gills, with an entry from base of radiators to bottom of cylinder, outlet from top of cylinder to a pipe passing nearly to the top of the water-tank, circuit completed by a horizontal pipe from tank to radiator; (6) ignition devices; (7) clutch device; (8) the steering gear. These latter points deserve a full description; but it must for the present suffice to remark that the Sizaire car has already achieved great success in France, where it was last year first in its class in the Coupe d'Auvergne, averaging 28½ miles per hour over 620 miles of hilly road, while in the Coupe des Voiturettes in November it won the seven days' contest over 930 miles, averaging 33½ miles an hour. In a sense, this car flies in the face of generally accepted ideas. To take the cylinder alone, it is built with a single cylinder, while even the cheapest cars to-day are rushing into the plural—nay, into four cylinders where possible. Yet I am informed that for quiet running, torque, and absolute comfort, the Sizaire is something remarkable at the price.

* * *

Car-icature—No. XIX.: Mr. Rees Jeffreys, the Motor Unionist

In addition to his onerous duties as Secretary of the Motor Union, Mr. Rees Jeffreys is head of the Legal Department of the Royal Automobile Club and Hon. Sec. of the Roads Improvement Association. He is an authority on all Local Government and taxation questions

(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

Speed Limit in Richmond Park

The Richmond beaks had a jolly day recently when various motorists—a mixed bag including an earl, a colonel with the D.S.O., and a Tartar—were charged with exceeding the speed limit in Richmond Park. The last-mentioned gentleman pleaded that, "although a penalty was provided for under the Parks Regulation Act, there was no penalty provided in the rules issued in pursuance of that Act by the Office of Works." After considerable argument, the Bench fined the defendant, and *refused to state a case.* I have reason to believe that no conviction of a motorist exceeding the speed limit in Richmond Park could be upheld by a superior Court of Law, for the simple reason that the Royal Parks were granted special sets of regulations by Act of Parliament, and these rules cannot be altered to suit the convenience of the Ranger, or whoever the authority may be, unless the Act is amended. I should be very glad to see a motorist convicted of exceeding the ten mile an hour limit in Richmond Park successful in getting a case stated. Here is a chance for the Motor Union, whose bulky Annual Report I have just received. The amount of aid the Union has rendered to the cause reflects great credit on Mr. Rees Jeffreys, who is being dealt with elsewhere in this number.

* * *

The Motor Union and Doctors' Cars

Talking of the Motor Union reminds me that it is contributing towards the legal expenses of an important case, which raises a question of great interest to medical men using motor-cars throughout

Learn to understand a Motor before you buy one, then you are not in the hands of Chauffeurs or Dealers. Special private lessons for Ladies.—HANOVER MOTOR INSTITUTE 6E, George Street, Hanover Square, W.

TREATISE ON OPTIONS

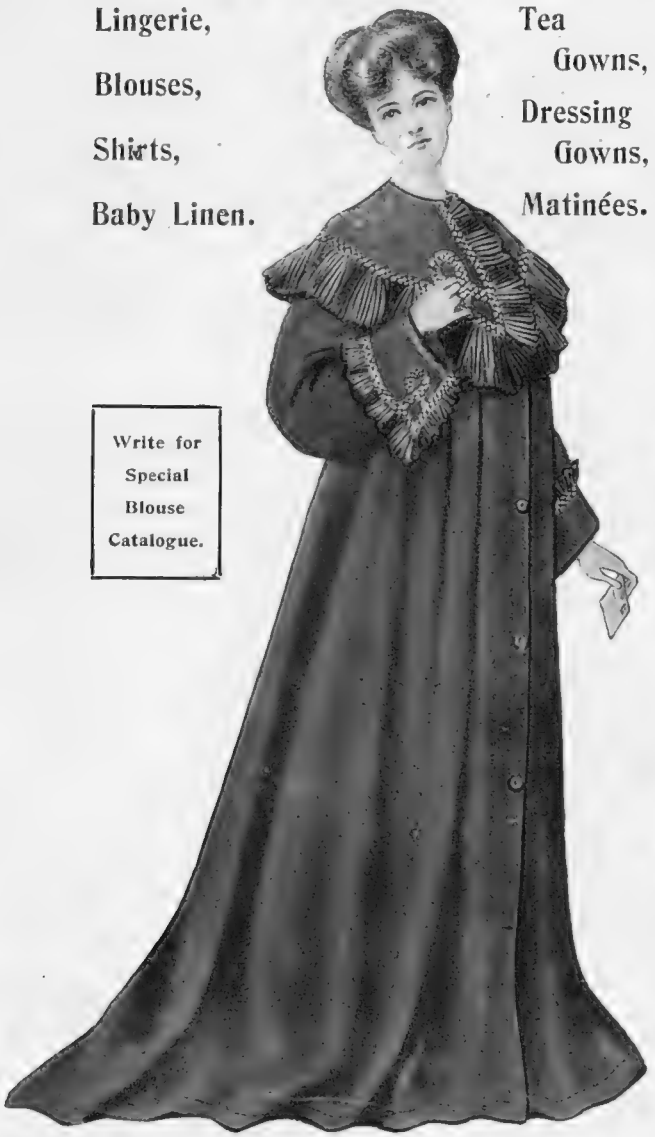
Mr. Arthur Crump, late City Editor of the *Times*, described "Options" as "the most scientific and prudent way of operating on the Stock Exchange." This system of operating, although well known and very popular on the Continent and in America, is not so well known amongst Investors here as its merits justify. We have just published a new Treatise on this subject which will be sent post free on application to THE SECRETARY,

LONDON & PARIS EXCHANGE,
Bankers, LTD.
BASILDON HOUSE, BANK, LONDON, E.C.,
Bureau de Renseignements à Paris, 32, Avenue de l'Opéra,
Or from any of its Branches.

JAS. SHOOLBRED & CO.

Lingerie, Blouses, Shirts, Baby Linen.

Tea Gowns, Dressing Gowns, Matinées.



Write for Special Blouse Catalogue.

No. 8001.—SPECIAL VALUE. Flannel Gown. Collar and Cuffs trimmed pretty Fancy Braid, and Kilted Frill of own Material. In Sky, Grenat, Navy, Cardinal, Fraise, Reséda, Pink.

14/9

TOTTENHAM HOUSE.
TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.

RHEUMATISM

No Cure—No Pay.

The cure for Rheumatism is simple and certain in 99 per cent. of cases with Anturic Bath Salts. They act in the natural way. They dissolve and draw the poisonous uric acid out of your system through the pores of the skin. All you have to do is to use them in your bath. Warm, pleasant, invigorating treatment—no drugs to take, no dieting necessary—no plasters or liniments required.

Anturic Bath Salts cure in every case where a cure is possible. Where they fail we refund your money.

For a mild attack of Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, or Sciatica—any uric acid disease—three or four tins of Anturic Salts should be sufficient. Where, however, the disease has become chronic, four times this quantity may be required, but in either case **the first few baths will give relief.** Should no benefit result, send us a certificate to this effect from your medical adviser, also the lids of the tins you have used, together with the Chemist's receipt for those you have bought, and we will refund your money.

Remember, no cure—no pay, when you use

Anturic Bath Salts
(THE ONLY GENUINE)

Of all Chemists, 1/6 per tin.

Free Book giving some practical information about Rheumatism and the proper treatment required, post free, or with tin of Anturic Salts for 1/6 direct from

ROCKE, TOMPSITT & Co., 74, Redcross Street, London, E.C.
107 S. D. & H.

HEALTH
is worth preserving.

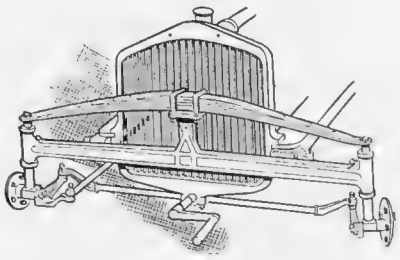
FERNET-BRANCA
BITTERS.

A marvellous Tonic and Digestive. Just a spoonful in water or coffee has immediate effect. These famous Bitters are recommended by medical men as an invaluable appetiser.

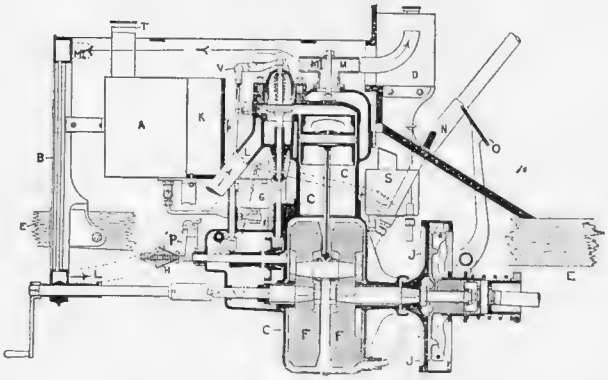
Fernet Branca of Fratelli Branca (Branca Bros.) of Milan.
Agents: Bowen & McKechnie, London, E.C.

the country, namely, whether they are to be charged a water rate, as in the case of business vehicles, when they use their cars partly for professional purposes. The case was taken up originally at the instance of the Harrogate Automobile Club on behalf of one of their members, who is also a member of the Motor Union. The member was sued at the Knaresborough Petty Sessions by the Harrogate Corporation for the recovery of 10*s.*, being a half-year's rate levied in respect of water for his car, which he refused to pay. Mr. J. E. A. Titley, the Motor Union local solicitor, submitted for the defendant that the Corporation could not possibly, under the Act, ask him to pay for water for washing his car for "trade" purposes, that being the provision of the Act under which he was charged. The Bench adopted this view, and also decided against the contention of the Town Clerk that there was an implied contract because the defendant had paid on two previous occasions. The Bench agreed, at the request of the Town Clerk, to state a case for the opinion of the High Court, and the Motor Union is assisting its member in order that the decision of the Justices may be sustained. Any motorist who has had a similar difficulty with his water rate, in the matter of special charges in respect of motor-cars, is invited to communicate with the Secretary of the Motor Union, 1, Albemarle Street, W. COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *



The Sizaire wood frame and rear spring shackled to rear axle

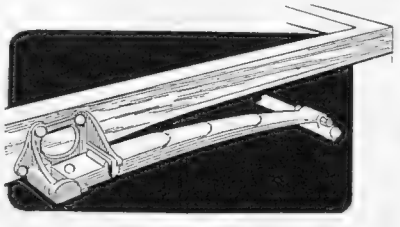


Section of Sizaire engine, clutch, etc.

A, petrol tank; *b*, radiators; *c,c,c*, crank case and cylinder of engine; *d*, water tank; *e*, wood side member of frame; *f*, internal fly-wheels of engine; *g*, carburettor; *h*, governor for automatic ignition advance; *j*, external fly-wheel and metal-to-metal clutch; *k*, box containing ignition coil and accumulators; *l*, waterpipe from base of radiator to engine; *m*, water outlet, engine to tank; *m1*, water outlet, engine to radiators; *n*, foot plunger attached to oil pump; *o*, clutch and brake pedal; *p*, ignition contact breaker blades; *r*, metallic connection from coil to spark plug; *s*, oil box with plunger pump; *t*, petrol tank filler

Car-icature—No. XIX.: Mr. W. Rees Jeffreys

There are not wanting people who assert that the Motor Union will ultimately oust the Royal Automobile Club from its present position of pre-eminence in the direction of motoring affairs. Mr. Rees Jeffreys, the subject of this week's BYSTANDER Car-icature, however, disclaims any such ambitious propaganda. While wrapped heart and soul in the furtherance of the aims of the Motor Union, of which he is secretary, Mr. Jeffreys recognises that even so influential a body as the Union has now become —its membership roll exceeds 12,000 — cannot pretend to supreme authority in matters of an International character. The province of the Motor Union lies more in what may be termed a domestic domain. As a champion of the rights and a strenuous advocate of the privileges of motorists, the Motor Union has found it *métier*, and the success which has all along followed its efforts is largely due to the abundant energy and excellent organising powers of Mr. Rees Jeffreys. In addition to his onerous duties as secretary of the Motor Union, Mr. Rees Jeffreys is head of the legal department of the Royal Automobile Club, acts as hon. sec. of the Roads Improvement Association, and is a member of the Council of the Cyclists' Touring Club. Mainly owing to his efforts, a Departmental Committee of the Local Government Board was appointed to inquire into highway administration, and many of the recommendations of that Committee were based upon the evidence given by him. Mr. Rees Jeffreys is an expert on local government and taxation questions, and did yeoman service when the Royal Commission on the Motor-Car Acts took evidence last year. Although an extremely busy man, the subject of our Car-icature finds time to attend most of the motoring functions held in various parts of the country, where his genial courtesy and bright personality endear him to a very large circle of friends and acquaintances. D. M.



The Sizaire combined front axle and cross-frame member suspended from transverse spring

(These sketches are reproduced by kind permission of "The Motor")

Miscellanea

That the high-class qualities of Daimler cars are appreciated, not only by the general public, but also by other manufacturers in the same industry, is shown by the fact that orders have been placed with the Daimler Company for 45 h.-p. cars by Baron de Dietrich and M. Leonce Girardot.

The Lighting of Vehicles Bill, to compel carts and vehicles to carry head and tail lights in the whole of England and Wales, was read a second time in the Commons last week, and will probably become law this Session.

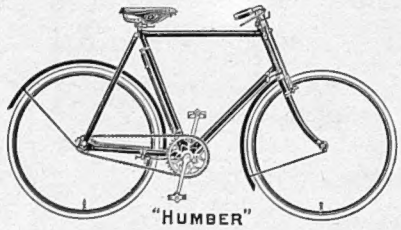
The popularity of British-built cars in our Colonies and other foreign countries is rapidly increasing. In this connection it is interesting to note that during the last week or two cars have been despatched to such widely separated places as Batavia, Java, Montreal, Bombay, and Mexico, from the works of Argyll Motors, Limited, Alexandria. The car despatched to Batavia is the well-known 14-16 h.-p. type, and, on account of the hot climate there, it is fitted with an additional water tank for cooling purposes.

H. M. HOBSON, LTD., 29, VAUXHALL BRIDGE ROAD, S.W., close to Victoria Station. Sole Concessionaires for Nagant-Hobson and Decauville Cars, Jenatzy Tyres, and Pognon Plugs. Garage always open.

WM. COLE AND SONS, LTD., KENSINGTON DISTRICT. New Garage always open. Repairs to all makes. First-class Cars for Hire.—235, Hammersmith Road, and 92, High Street, Kensington. Telephone: 3533 Western.

HUMBER

"Nothing has a higher reputation than the Humber, and it is a sterling investment."—*Morning Leader.*



"HUMBER"

That is a point to be carefully thought over. In buying a HUMBER CYCLE you are not spending money—you are investing it. There's a difference. You can always depend upon a good selling price for a Humber, and your first cost is all the cost. HUMBER CYCLES are packed free, and delivered carriage paid to any railway station in the United Kingdom.

A HUMBER IS A SOUND INVESTMENT.

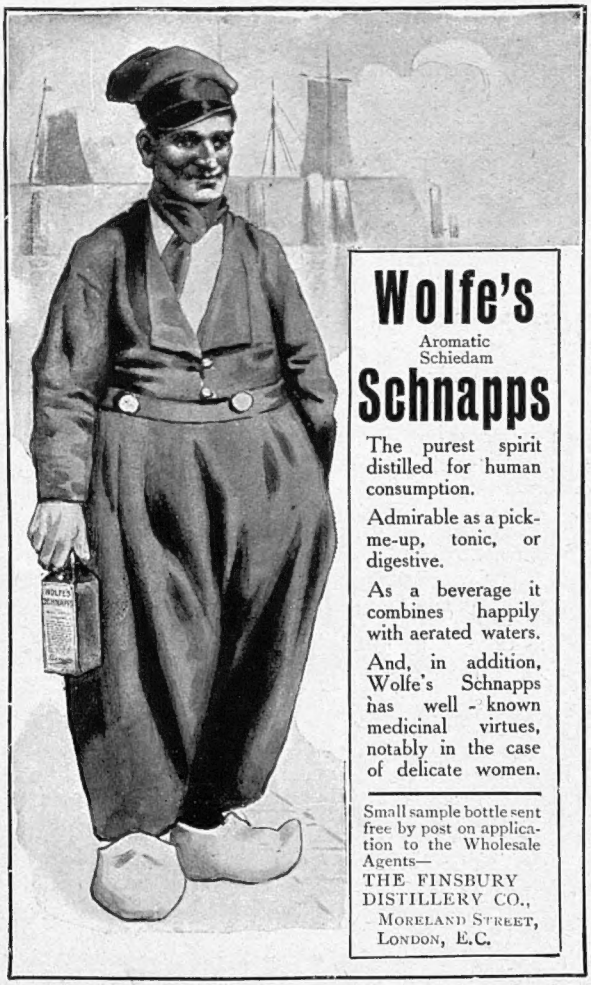
Call at any address below and inspect the latest models, or send for handsome Illustrated Art Catalogue, post free to any address.

PRICES FROM **£8 8s.** TO **£15 15s.**

HUMBER, LIMITED,
(Dept. 19) 32, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.
Works: Beeston (Notts) and Coventry.

Also at NOTTINGHAM, Grey Friar Gate; BIRMINGHAM, 280, Broad Street; MANCHESTER, 33, Blackfriars Street; SOUTHAMPTON, 27, London Road.

NEARLY 2,000 AGENTS.



Wolfe's
Aromatic
Schiedam
Schnapps

The purest spirit distilled for human consumption.

Admirable as a pick-me-up, tonic, or digestive.

As a beverage it combines happily with aerated waters.

And, in addition, Wolfe's Schnapps has well-known medicinal virtues, notably in the case of delicate women.

Small sample bottle sent free by post on application to the Wholesale Agents—
THE FINSBURY DISTILLERY CO.,
MORELAND STREET, LONDON, E.C.

VINOT

THE IDEAL TOWN OR TOURING CAR.

YOU are probably now considering the question of what car you will purchase for the coming season, and in the multitude of makes which are now offered to you, you find it difficult, almost impossible, to come to a decision.

Let us suggest one or two questions you might ask yourself before you decide on your purchase.

FIRST: What is the record of the car?

SECOND: Is it absolutely reliable in every way?

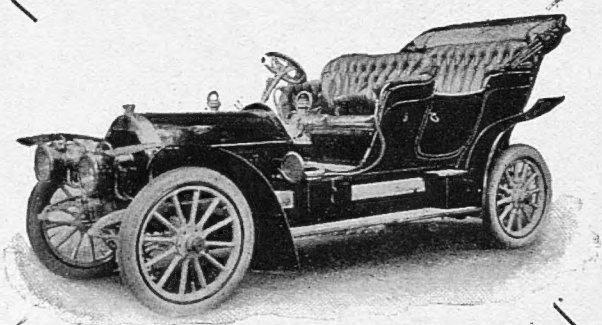
THIRD: What are its hill-climbing powers as compared with other cars of equal horse-power?

FOURTH: Is it smooth and powerful in running, and, withal, economical on tyres?

FIFTH: Is it a silent running car that can compare with an electric carriage for town work, at the same time embodying every point of the perfect touring car for the country?

SIXTH: How does the price compare with that of cars of a similar or even larger horse-power?

These are questions which you must ask yourself, and all of which must be answered satisfactorily before you purchase your car for this season.



16-24 h.-p. Touring Car, £525.

VINOT RELIABILITY.

To all these questions the VINOT CAR gives a complete and satisfactory reply. We can positively assure you that the question of "VINOT" reliability is absolutely assured by past records. The successes of "VINOT" cars in all Reliability Trials are too numerous to detail, but should you be interested in this question we shall be happy to send you our "VINOT" booklet, which will tell you of the "VINOT VICTORIES." This is a fact worthy to remember, that every scrap of material put into a "VINOT" car is of the very finest made. That is why we know we are selling a car which is second to none.

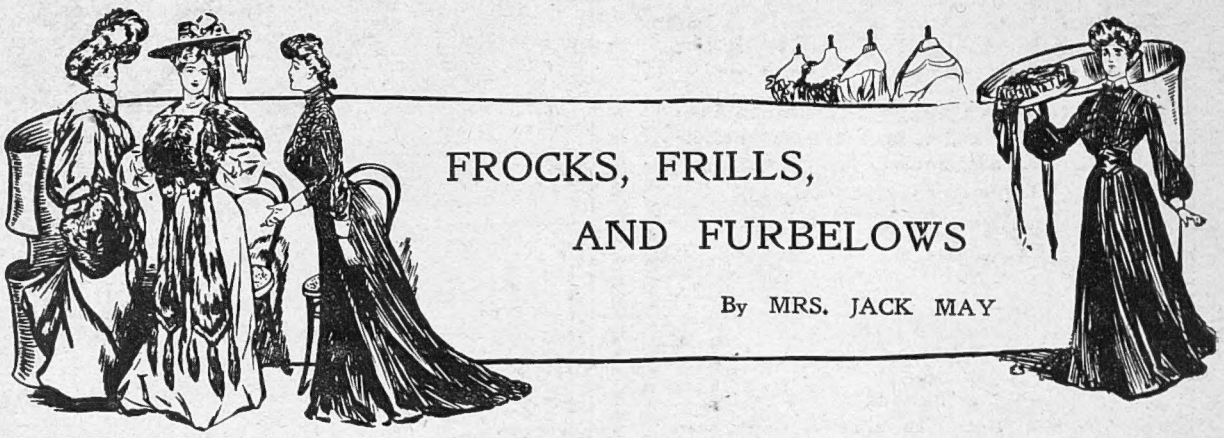
ECONOMICAL TO PURCHASE.
ECONOMICAL TO KEEP UP.

We are selling our 16-24 h.-p. Touring Car complete for £525.

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO CALL AND INSPECT OUR NEW 1907 MODELS. TRIAL RUNS ARRANGED BY APPOINTMENT.

SOLE AGENTS: Telegrams: "VINOT, LONDON. Telephone: 4762 GERRARD.

T. J. HARMAN & Co.,
20, REGENT STREET, LONDON, S.W.



FROCKS, FRILLS, AND FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

Holidays, like telephones, are not wholly unmixed pleasures. Nor from this would I entirely exempt the fraternity who holiday all the time, and who are always mightily fussed on these occasions lest they should perchance do something commonplace, or peradventure fall among the vulgar herd. Paris, of course, for Easter is quite beyond the pale, and even on the Riviera it is necessary to pick one's way carefully, that is if you chance to be anybody who think themselves somebody. And, after all the turmoil and tribulation of spirit, what does it all amount to? Truly are we, no matter what strata of society we occupy, to be likened unto the ostrich that buries its head in the sand, a stupid, unprogressive pursuit, whichever way you look at it.

An Attractive Mantle of Silver-grey Bengaline

(Sketched by Dorothy Millar at Shoolbred's)

But, as I was saying, holidays are to be accounted among the mixed blessings, saving only you chance to be of the overworked community, whose point of view is mercifully limited to a solid desire for rest. Quite unexplainably, Easter seems to have been taken very seriously this year, special shop shows being inaugurated for the coming event, comprising immediate needs of a more or less intermediate season order.

Progressive Tailoring

The trail of the moderately priced tailor suit is well established, and I have to record, with a full measure of delight, the vastly superior quality of the offerings this season. Given that they are stock size, the most fastidious might safely exploit these admirable models that range in price from three and a half guineas. The cut and finish accorded are alike remarkable, while it is the exception to find anything discordant or over-lavish in the shape of cheap decoration, although almost invariable is the narrow contrasting vest of embroidery or braided cloth.

Collars and revers are conspicuous by their absence, a more original substitute being found in narrow inserted folds, frequently of two, and even three, contrasting colours, or a striped material cut on the cross and outlined either edge by some strong contrast. Thus, on a navy serge there were folds of *Eau de Nil, lavande* cloth, and black taffeta, while with a brown cloth a black-and-white *Pekiné* velvet was defined by pronounced pipings of emerald green.

Everyone is talking, by the way, of the superlatively good tailor work turned out by

Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, Regent Street

It has been somewhat uphill work for this firm, whose name is so indubitably stamped with Irish linen and damask, to emphasise the extraordinary worth of their comparatively young drapery section. Such irreproachable

Letters from Celebrities.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET ON NERVOUSNESS.

INDUSTRIAL FARM COLONY,

DUXHURST.

DEAR FRIEND,

Your letter is one of many which I constantly receive begging me to tell of something which can help to restore tired nerves and over-worn strength, and you ask me to do so because I come into contact with so many who, for these very reasons, fail in the race of life, having sought the wrong remedy for such loss of nerve-power.

The description which you give me of your difficulty scarcely varies from that of which I am so often told. Work has become a drudgery, and life a heavy thing. You tell me that you go to bed feeling tired, and that you wake in the morning almost equally tired, that your food is distasteful to you, and that little things which used to sit lightly upon you have become heavy burdens; that even pleasure is toil. I know you have worked hard through many years, and have had much mental strain. This may, in a measure, account for your weakness, which is not brought about by any condition of actual disease, but which seems to arise from an even greater trouble—namely, that your nerve-force is seriously overspent.

It is important to understand that, in these days of worry and over-excitement, the over-work, mental and physical, to which most of us are subject, calls forth an undue expenditure of strength, and that, to recuperate the vigour we have lost, we must consider what sort of food or remedy we require.

Of course, the whole question of proper nourishment requires much thought and experience. Many forms of food and many restoratives are recommended; but, having had to do with a great many people who have impaired their digestive organs, and whose nerve-power has been seriously undermined, I do not think that I have come across anything which I believe a more suitable nutrient for all forms of weakness than Sanatogen. I do not know if you have tried it; but it seems to me, under the conditions such as you have described, an ideal preparation, because it provides a valuable tonic-food in the most suitable form. It consists, I believe, in the nourishing element of pure cows' milk, incorporated with which is a special nerve-tonic containing phosphorus. It has an invigorating power on worn-out nerves, and gives tone to exhausted tissues, to a surprising extent. The feeblest system and the poorest digestive organs are able to assimilate it, when they can really touch little else. I am strongly of opinion that you cannot do better than begin a course of Sanatogen if you wish to regain your strength.

Sanatogen, undoubtedly, restores sleep and invigorates the nerves, and it braces the patient to health, for I have noticed that with the restoration of the digestive organs the mind becomes more quickly active, and work, both mental and physical, becomes more easy, and the freshness and keenness which such people have lost, apparently altogether, return gradually, and bring with them an enjoyment of life, and a feeling of hopefulness not hitherto experienced.

When the body is subjected to a course of Sanatogen, the blood condition improves, the skin assumes a more healthy colour, the invigorated nerves are braced to a more healthy tone, and the whole human machinery is made fit for exercise and work, and for fulfilling its functions in the most perfect manner.

. . . . .

The above is an abstract from a letter addressed by Lady Henry Somerset to an intimate friend. In view of the public interest associated with the subject of the letter, the recipient has obtained her ladyship's gracious permission to make the contents more widely known. Additional information and interesting literature on the same subject may be obtained free of charge on application to the Sanatogen Company, 83, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C. Sanatogen is sold by all Chemists, in packets, at 1*s.* 9*d.*, 2*s.* 9*d.*, 5*s.*, and 9*s.* 6*d.*

BORWICK'S

For Buns, Scones, Pastry & Apple Dumplings.

BAKING POWDER.

The Best in the World.

STRENGTH & PURITY GUARANTEED.

Tel. 3501 Mayfair

Crême de Japon

A skin of beauty is a joy for ever.

LATEST AND BEST FACE CRÊME.

Guaranteed not to produce hair.

A Boon to Lady Motorists.

In Jars, 2/-, 4/-, 6/-.

CRÊME DE JAPON CIE.,

13 & 14, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

Fuel Saving.

Slow Combustion.

Unique In Design.

Attractive in Appearance.

Carron "Esto" Fires

Realize the limit of possibilities in Firegrate construction. The bottom grate, concave in shape, forms with Front Bar a "well" shaped cavity the most perfect contrivance for the radiation of a pure, warm, genial and healthy heat with a minimum consumption of fuel. The saving in fuel alone justifies the removal of the old grate and the installation of an "Esto."

No. 8 "Esto" Fire List post free on application.

CARRON COMPANY Carron, Stirlingshire.

(Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1773)

Showrooms: London (City) 15, Upper Thames St., E.C.; (West End) 23, Princes Street, Cavendish Square, W.; also at Liverpool, Glasgow, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Birmingham, Dublin, and Southampton.

tailoring, dressmaking, and millinery, however, cannot long have its light hidden under a bushel, the bushel chiefly provided, I may observe, by jealous clients who like to keep a good thing to themselves, in fear they will not get full measure of its service.

On the genius, enterprise, and unswerving conviction of a woman does the modistic portion rest absolutely, and it is not to be bettered either here or in Paris, the which, I know, is a bold assertion, and will, doubtless, be deemed open to challenge. But at Robinson and Cleaver's there is that finest of essentials, individuality. Apart from the excellence of the workmanship, there is the very clearest grasp of the latter-day demand for a maximum of modistic effect at a minimum of cost.

At the moment, for example, they are offering the most attractive little voile gown at ten guineas, mounted throughout on silk. In the accompanying sketch you have the model faithfully portrayed, the little pipings that play a prominent part in the decorative scheme being executed in striped voile laid on an infinitesimal fold of black. To lighten the corsage there is employed, and with infinite taste, a good deal of tucked net and lace, sobered by discreet touches of black. The gown actually sketched was in a novel red shade, but Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver are running the design through a whole gamut of fashionable colours.

Also, as behoves the house, there is an exceptional choice in evening dresses and *manteaux*. A *bois de rose* taffeta cloak, arranged in full picturesque fashion from a deep yoke, wrought with fine gold, carries old-world *bouillonnées* and veritable ropes of gold. And there are some perfectly charming lace toilettes, one, a white affair of sprig net and lace, displays curved *motifs* of tiny white silk bob fringe, together with an application of faint parti-coloured embroideries. Fringes of a deep chenille quality play a conspicuous rôle on a black lace creation, stitched with long lines of black ribbon velvet. But one does not willingly give away more than the briefest description of such eminently fresh efforts as prevail here, realising the many plagiarising vampires that are always on the alert to suck the intelligence of the few inspired members of the modistic fraternity.

The hat accompanying the voile gown is of Tagal straw, broad across the front, where a striking disposal of up-and-down loops of broad ribbon creates a note of interest, behind which floats a glorious Paradise plume.

Shoolbred, Tottenham Court Road

No one in the West End is accountable for a braver display of early Spring goods than Messrs. Shoolbred. Practically every window round the huge square block of buildings is dedicated to the display of smart *modes*, as represented by costumes, millinery, *manteaux*, and all the hundred and one addenda that go to make up the sum-total of fashionable woman's requirements. And the little things of dress are nowhere more exhaustively considered, nor more attractively expressed, than at Tottenham House.

From out the usual galaxy of mantles, the one illustrated was commandeered as a representative example. The material composing this is of silver-grey bengaline, ornamented with sunray-grey chiffon *appliqué* ring *motifs* of the finest embroidered lawn. A noticeable feature is provided in the wide cape sleeves, that start directly from the neck, to effect the long, undisturbed shoulder appearance. Masses of *frou-frou* chiffon frills impart a delicious fantasy to the front. Nor has the considerate head of this department forgotten his annual offering of the well-built, moderately priced knockabout coat of tweed, hopsack, Donegals, and the like. Two pounds fifteen shillings is the cost of a grey-and-white striped tweed, the back set from a yoke, and front closing double-breasted with smoke-pearl buttons, the whole completed by practical patch pockets; while slightly more aspiring is a genuine shepherd's plaid, with fitting back and smartly strapped seams. Then, also, is there the usual assortment of Paris models and matrons' mantles, the latter always a leading speciality with the old-established house of Shoolbred, and perfectly chosen.

An Attractive Voile Gown

(Sketched by Dorothy Millar at Robinson and Cleaver's)